

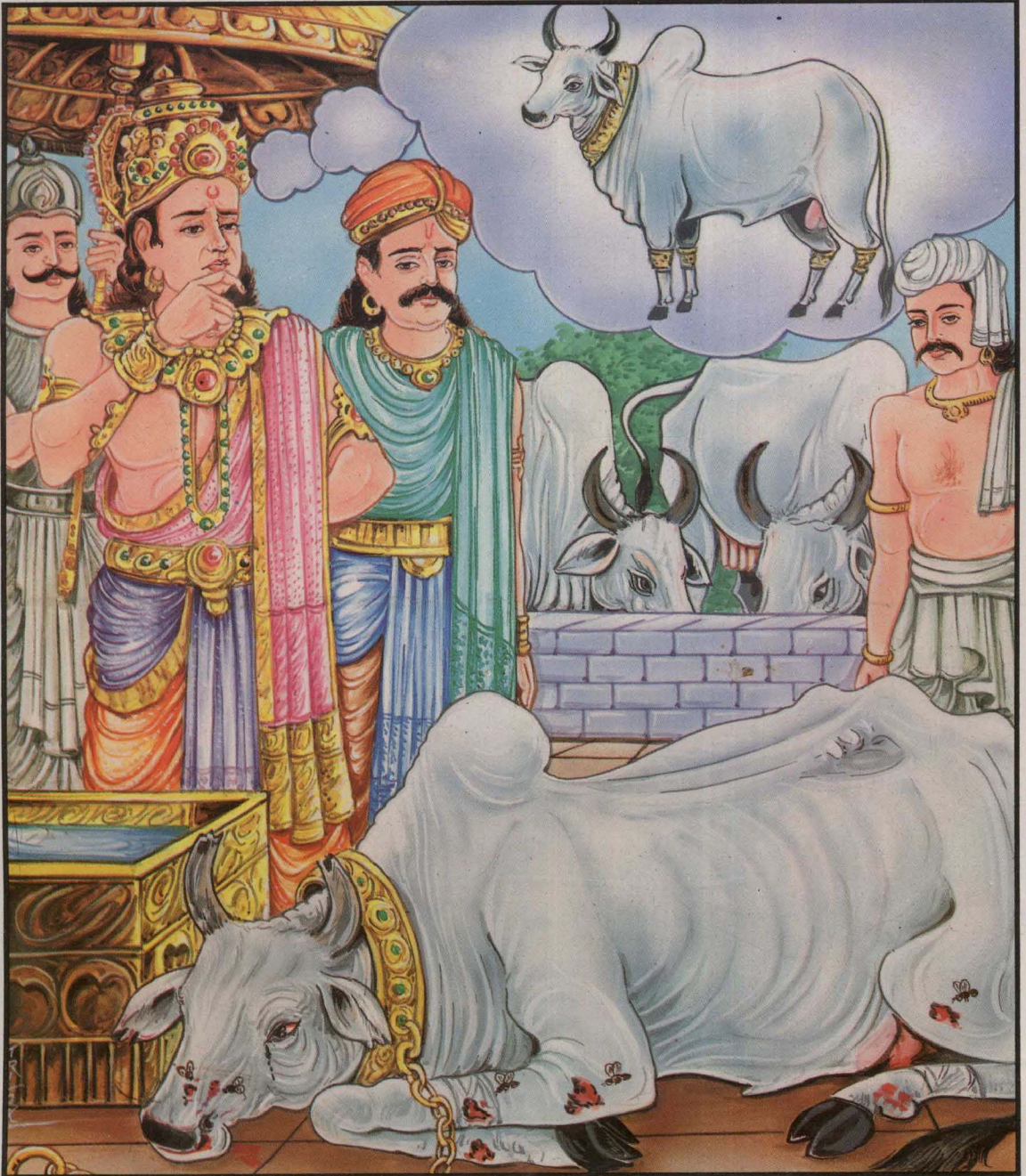
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KATHA

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# Awakening of Karkandu





# THE AWAKENING OF KARKANDU

Pratyek-buddha is a unique Jain term. It means—that pure and sagacious soul which when inspired by some particular incident acquires spiritual consciousness, becomes free of passions like lust, anger, greed, and conceit and indulges in spiritual endeavour. There have been many such inspired souls in the past and many more are yet to come. However, in the Jain literature there are four famous stories about such inspired individuals. These stories are interesting as well as inspiring.

The hero of this story is Karkandu the mighty king of Kalinga state. He was the son of King Dadhivahan of Champa. His mother was Queen Padmavati. However, circumstances forced him to be brought up by the family of Matang, a chandal or the caretaker of the cremation ground. Due to his inborn hereditary virtues Karkandu became a great ruler. He was instrumental in bringing about a revolutionary change in the that day society by turning the chandal clans into Brahmins by educating them. The incident is relevant even today because it gives the ideal message that social uplift can be effected by infusing values and virtues, and not just by being converted into a religious order or a clan.

The whole life of Karkandu is the pronouncement of courageously accepting good conduct as the way of life and fearlessly following it. To recognize the ephemeral nature of human life just by looking at a groggy bull is a sign of the piety of his attitude.

According to the historians Karkandu was a contemporary of Bhagavan Mahavir. However, the fact that he became a pratyek-buddha before Bhagavan Mahavir became a Tirthankar connects him with Bhagavan Parshvanath's order also.

This script was written by Shri Pankaj Muni the disciple Up-pravartak Shri Amar Muni ji M. who is a disciple of U. B. Pravartak Bhandari Shri Padmachandra ji M. of Shraman Sangh.

— Shrichand Surana 'Saras'

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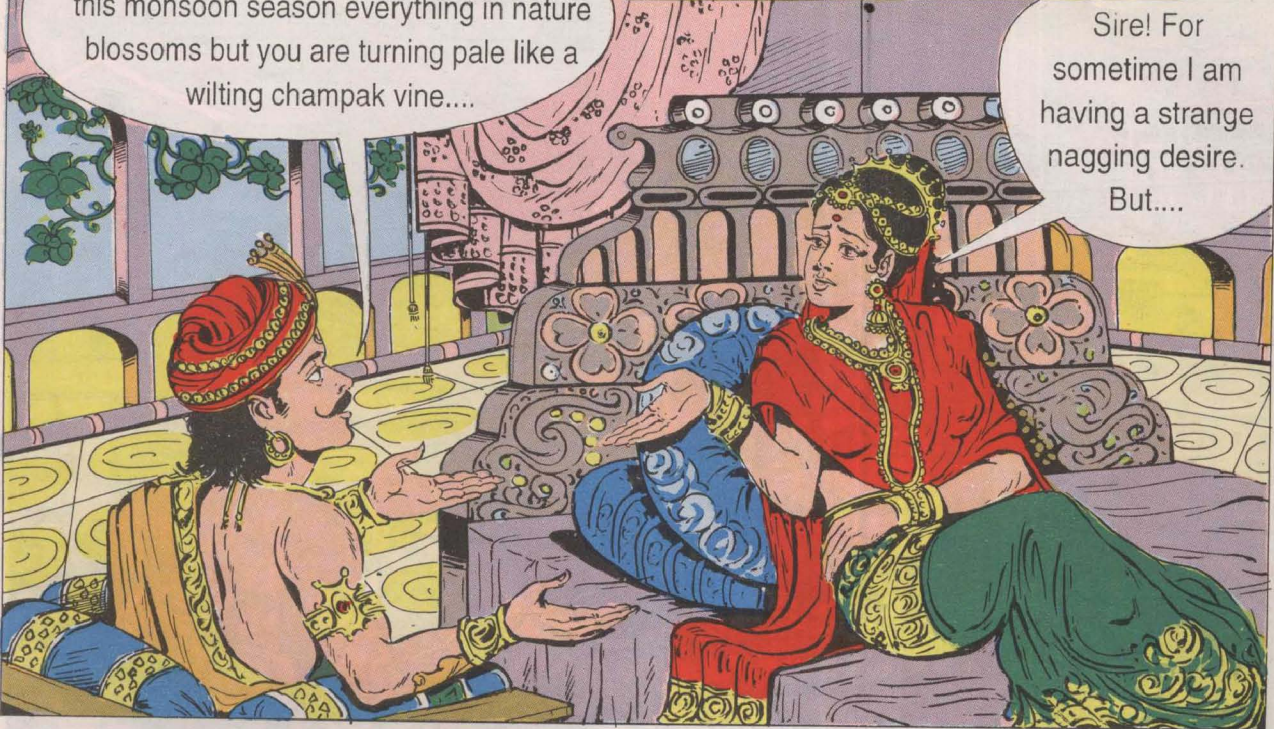


# THE AWAKENING OF KARKANDU

King Dadhivahan was the ruler of Champa city. His queen, Padmavati was the daughter of Chetak the chief of Vaishali republic. She was pregnant. One day when the King entered her room he found her worried. He asked—

What is the matter, darling! During this monsoon season everything in nature blossoms but you are turning pale like a wilting champak vine....

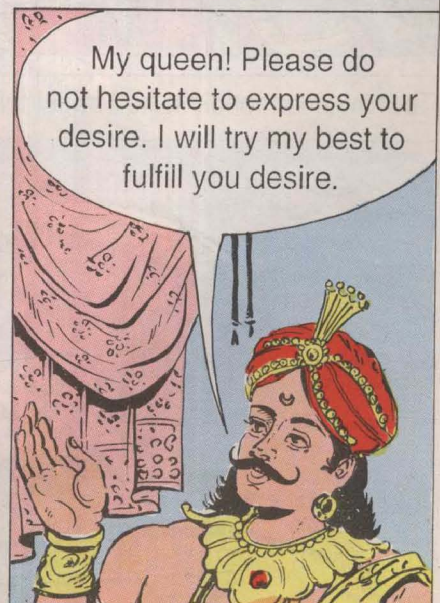
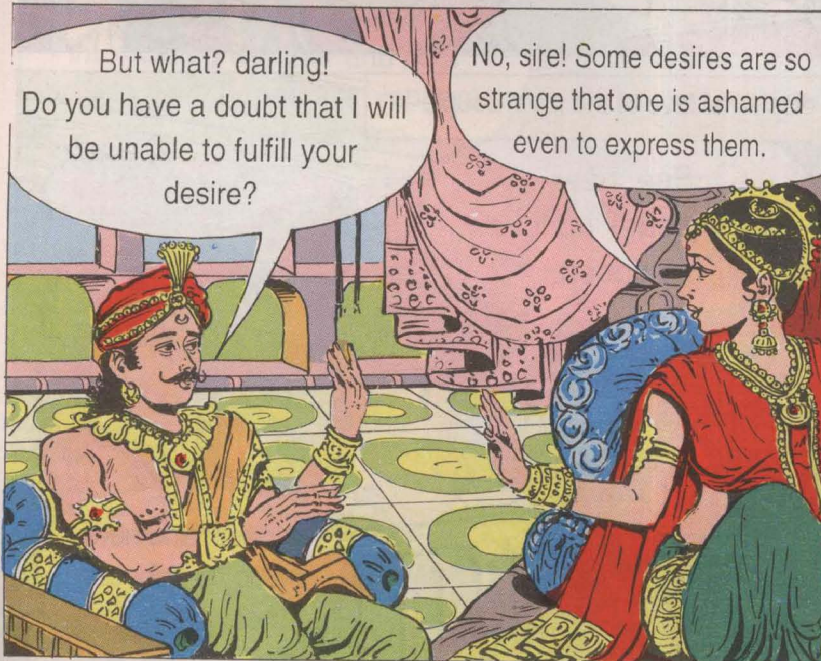
Sire! For sometime I am having a strange nagging desire. But....



But what? darling! Do you have a doubt that I will be unable to fulfill your desire?

No, sire! Some desires are so strange that one is ashamed even to express them.

My queen! Please do not hesitate to express your desire. I will try my best to fulfill you desire.



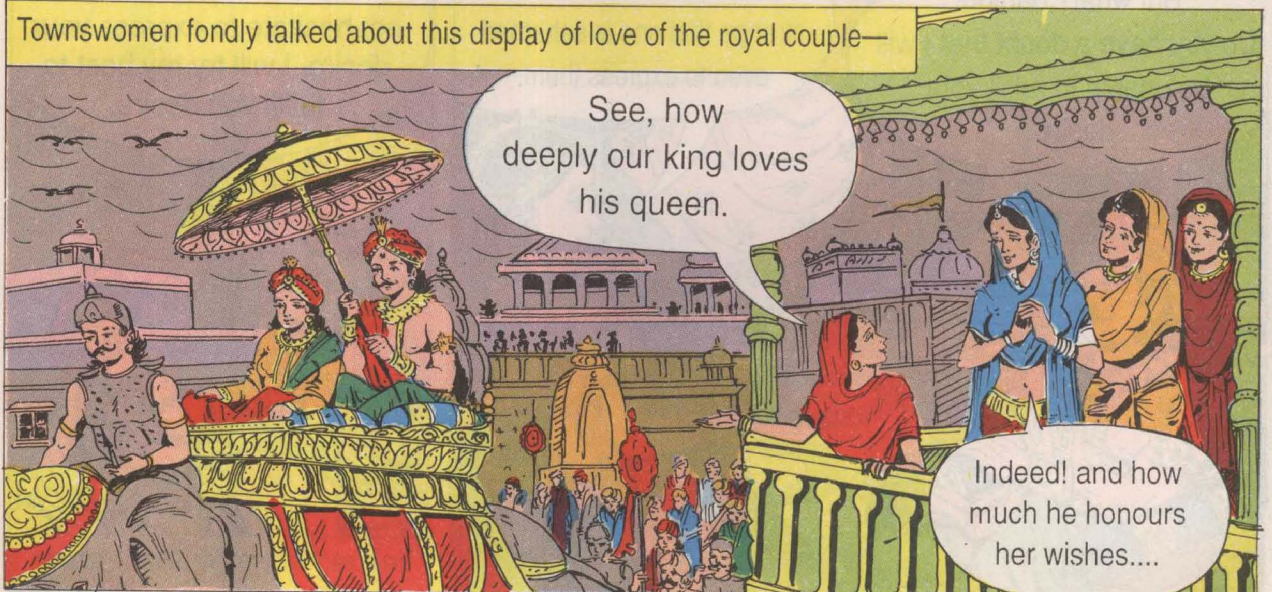
The queen conveyed her desire to the king.



Next morning the king made necessary arrangements. The queen dressed herself as the king and also put on his crown and sword. She sat on the elephant with all the dignity of a king. At her back sat the king with the royal umbrella in his hand. Hundreds of soldiers followed the queen's elephant. Surprised at her strange attire thousands of citizens greeted the queen and showered flowers.



Townswomen fondly talked about this display of love of the royal couple—





Accepting the greetings the queen proceeded towards a garden outside the city. Suddenly it started drizzling. The king said—

Darling! Look, to fulfill your desire even the rain-god conveys his happiness and causes this pleasant drizzle. The wind-god blows cool breeze with his fan. Are you satisfied now?

How can my wishes remain unfulfilled when I have a husband like you, Sire!

While they were talking sweetly the procession crept on.

Suddenly the elephant bolted ahead. The keeper used his lance but could not stop the elephant. It continued to run like mad. The keeper shouted in panic—

Sire! It appears that the intoxicating weather and cool breeze have turned the elephant mad. Please take care.



## THE AWAKENING OF KARKANDU

With apprehension the king said—

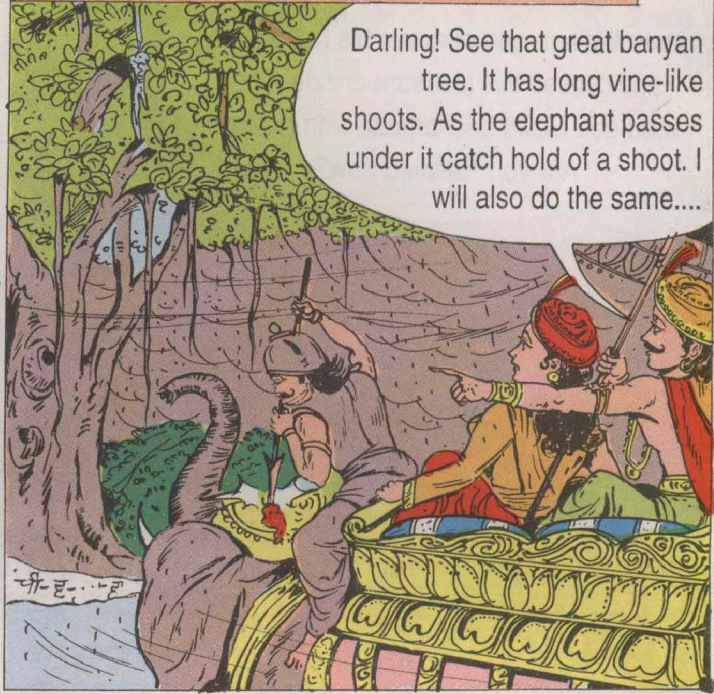
Keeper! Try to control the elephant somehow. There is a dangerous forest ahead.

Sire! The elephant is beyond control. Please watch and hold the queen.

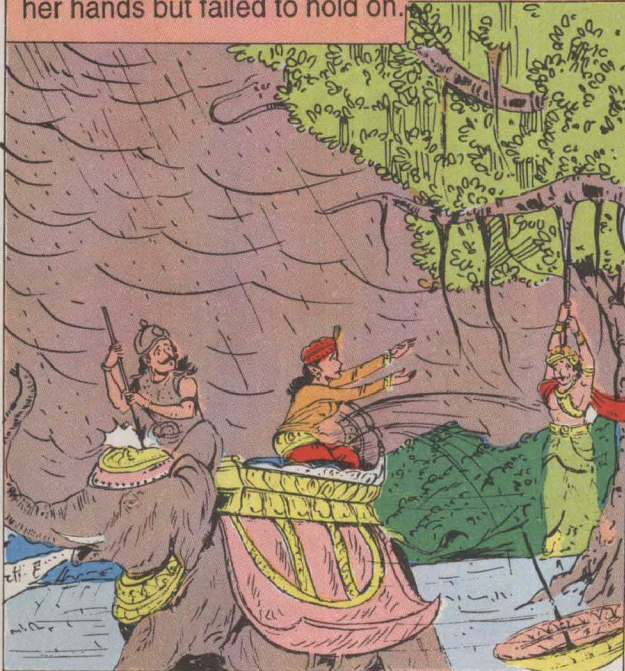


The cavalry was left behind. The mad elephant was rushing towards the forest. The king pointed at a dense banyan tree ahead and said to the queen—

Darling! See that great banyan tree. It has long vine-like shoots. As the elephant passes under it catch hold of a shoot. I will also do the same....

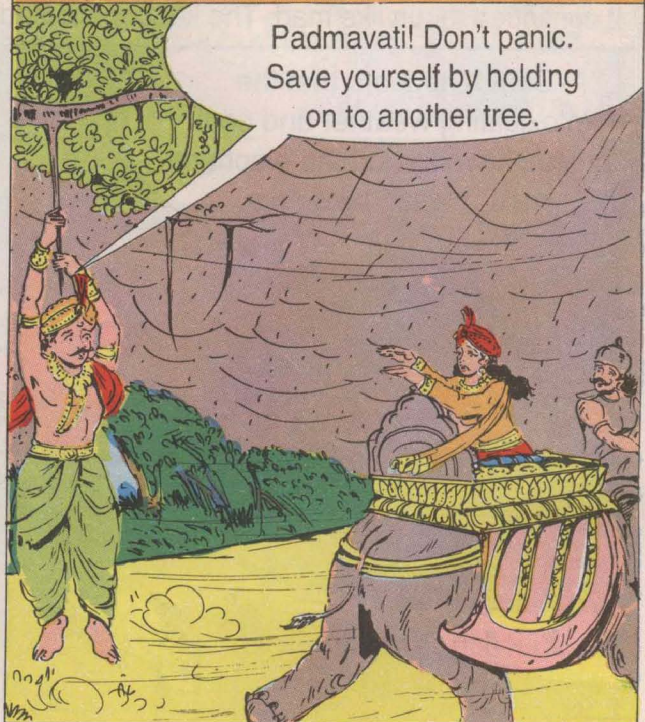


As the elephant came under the tree the king caught hold of a shoot. The queen too raised her hands but failed to hold on.



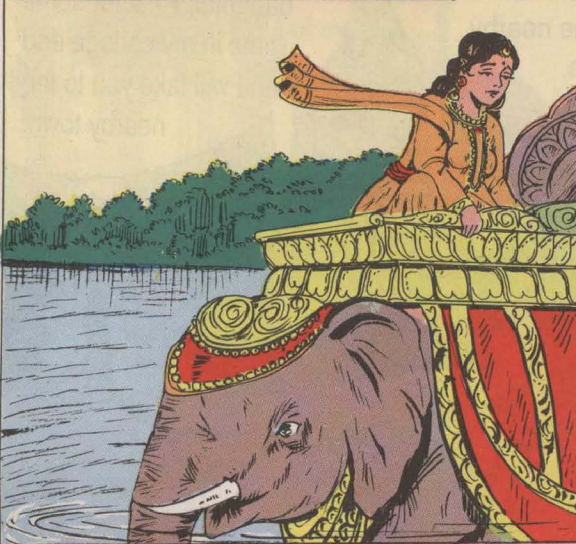
The elephant went ahead. The king shouted—

Padmavati! Don't panic. Save yourself by holding on to another tree.





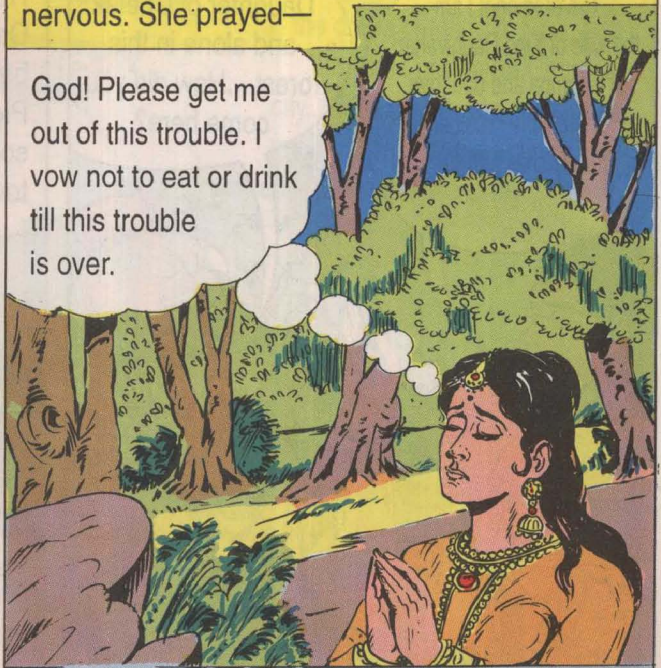
Crossing the forest and mountains the elephant reached the plains. By then the weather had changed. The heat of the sun pacified the elephant. Seeing a lake it entered water to quench its thirst.



Gathering courage, the queen jumped into the lake and swam ashore.

Trumpeting of elephants, roaring of lions and other eerie sounds of the forest made the queen nervous. She prayed—

God! Please get me out of this trouble. I vow not to eat or drink till this trouble is over.



She started chanting Namokar Mantra devotionally.

The prayer removed her fears and gave her courage. She stood up and looked around.

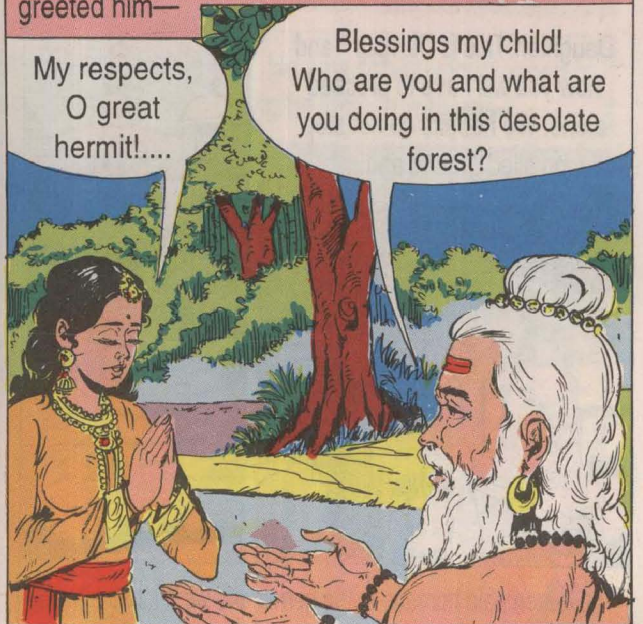
There is a small cottage. Someone must be living there....



The queen took to a trail leading to the cottage. She gained confidence when she saw an old hermit coming. When she came near the hermit she greeted him—

My respects, O great hermit!....

Blessings my child! Who are you and what are you doing in this desolate forest?

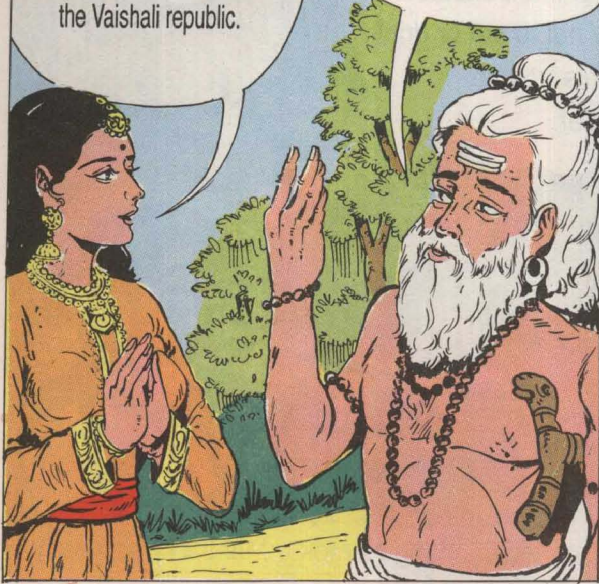




Regaining her composure the queen replied—

Revered one! I am the wife of King Dadhivahan of Champa and daughter of Chetak, the president of the Vaishali republic.

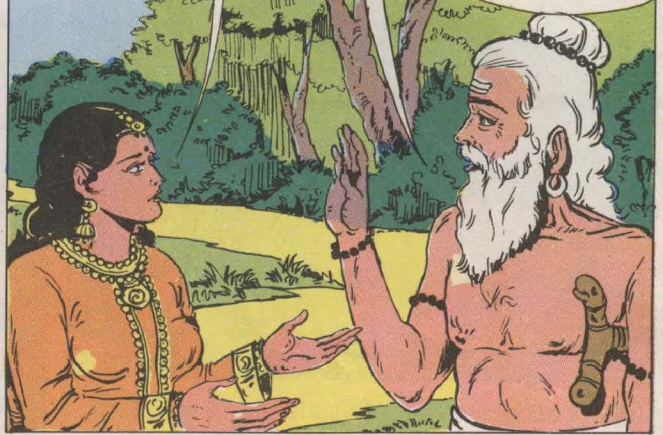
Daughter of Chetak and alone in this forest....How did you come here?



The queen narrated the incident and added—

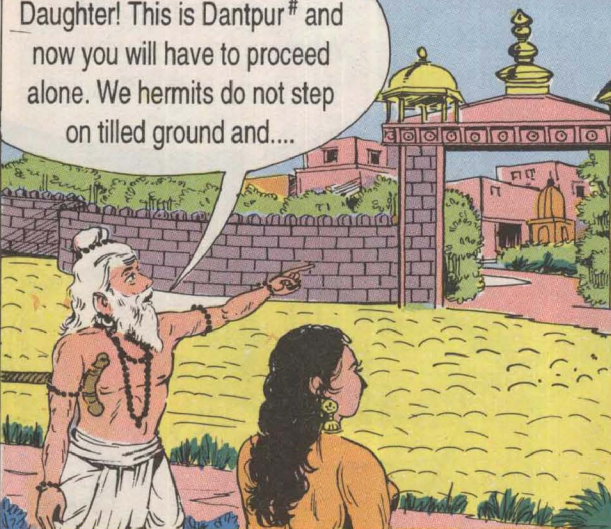
Revered one! King Dadhivahan must be miles away.... Please take me to some nearby town.

Don't worry daughter ! Chetak is my friend and you are like my daughter. Rest for some time in my cottage and then I will take you to the nearby town.



After she rested, the hermit took Queen Padmavati to the town. The hermit stopped just outside the town.

Daughter! This is Dantpur# and now you will have to proceed alone. We hermits do not step on tilled ground and....



The queen paid homage to the hermit and went into the town.

Walking alone on the streets, the queen looked for some place to stay. She saw some nuns returning after alms-collection.

Oh! these nuns are returning to there place of stay. I should go to them.



# An important town in Kalinga state of that period.



Reaching at the gate of the upashraya she paused—

गमो अरिहंताणं  
गमो सिद्धाणं  
गमो आयरियाणं  
गमो उवज्झायाणं  
गमो लोउ सव्वसाहूणं

The afflictions have brought me to the doors of religion. Now why should I return to Champa city....Why not devote the rest of my life to religious practices and meditation in the company of these nuns here.

Resolving thus the queen entered the Upashraya. She approached the head of the nuns and after bowing her she introduced herself and narrated her story. The head consoled her and said, "Sister! this is the play of karmas. Sorrow follows happiness and pain follows pleasure. The cycle of fate moves like the wheel of a chariot." The queen said, "Bhagavati! Please show me the path of liberation." The head said, "Religion is the boat that can help man cross this ocean of sorrows." The queen, "Bhagavati! I want to renounce this mundane life and get initiated. Please give me diksha<sup>#</sup>. I want to become a shramani (Jain female ascetic) and make my life purposeful with the help of austerities and meditation."

Assured of the detachment of the queen, the head Shramani gave her diksha. Queen Padmavati now became Shramani Padmavati. At the proper time she told her preceptor about her pregnancy with all innocence. The head Shramani secretly sent her to the house of a devoted Shravak (Jain layman). She gave birth to a son. Padmavati put the ring bearing the mark of King Dadhivahan on the finger of the infant, wrapped him in a blanket and put him under a tree near the cremation ground. After this she returned to the Upashraya.

In the morning Yamdand, the watchman of the cremation ground passed that way. He saw something wrapped in a costly blanket lying under a tree. He rushed nearer. When he heard an infant crying he jumped with joy—

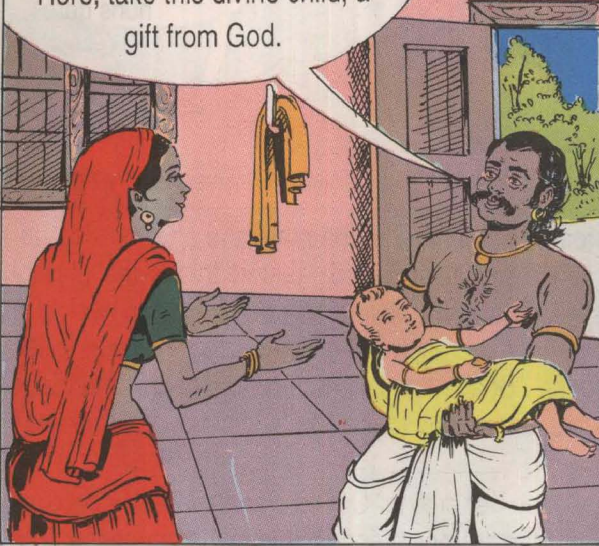
Oh! What a miracle! A divine looking child and in this state! Must be the cause of embarrassment to some lady of high status....





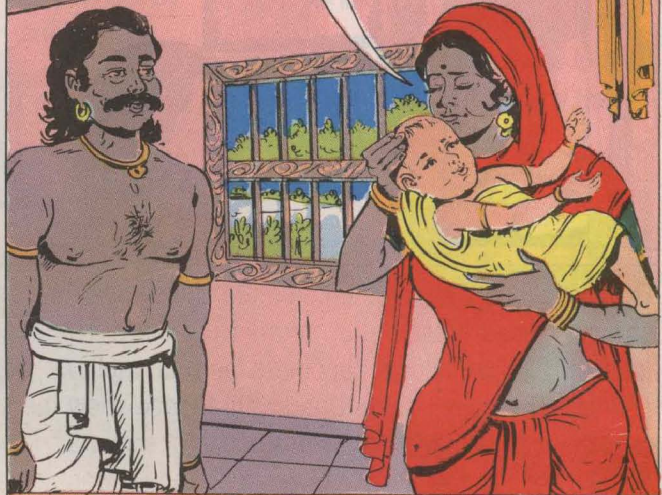
Yamadand picked up the child and furtively returned home. He said to his wife—

Lucky woman! See what I have brought for you. You longed to see the face of a son. Here, take this divine child, a gift from God.



Yamapasha kissed the child.

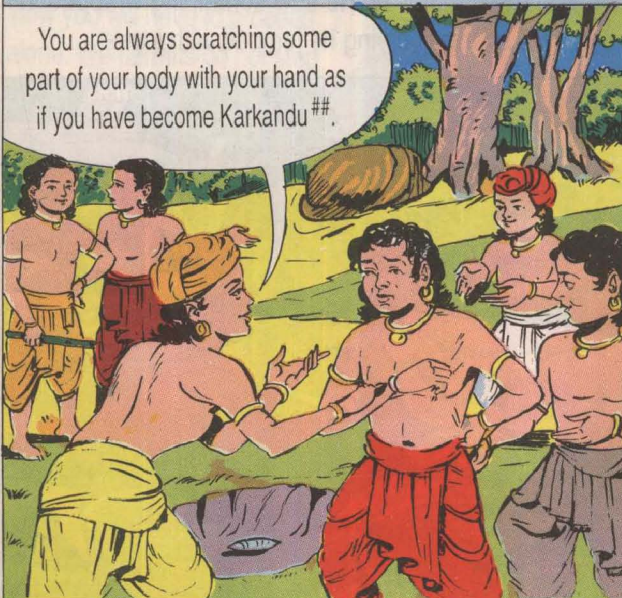
O God !  
Only you know of your miracles....



Yamadand and Yamapasha showered their love and affection over the child. The child started growing under their care.

One day he was playing gilli-danda #. A player hit the gilli and it flew in his direction. Just at that moment the boy's back started itching and he got busy scratching. He failed to catch the gilli. His team mates got wild at him—

You are always scratching some part of your body with your hand as if you have become Karkandu ##.



All the kids started clapping and teasing him.

Come here,  
Karkandu!

Karkandu,  
what a beautiful  
name!



And the name Karkandu stuck to him.

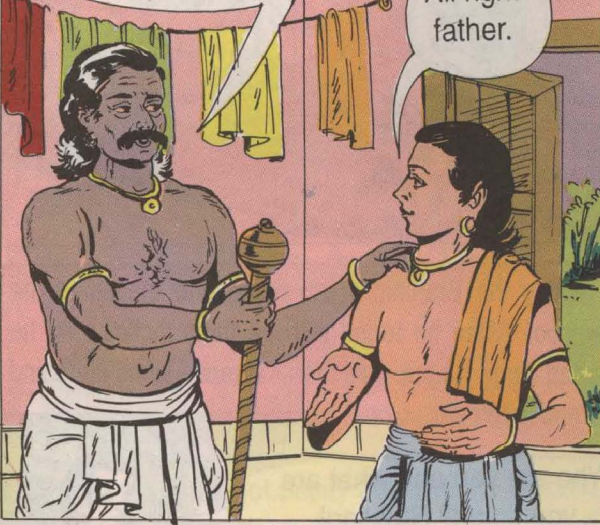


## THE AWAKENING OF KARKANDU

When he became a youth, one day his father told Karkandu—

Son! Now that you are grown up; take charge of my work. Take this staff and guard the cremation ground. Collect levy from everyone who brings a body for cremation.

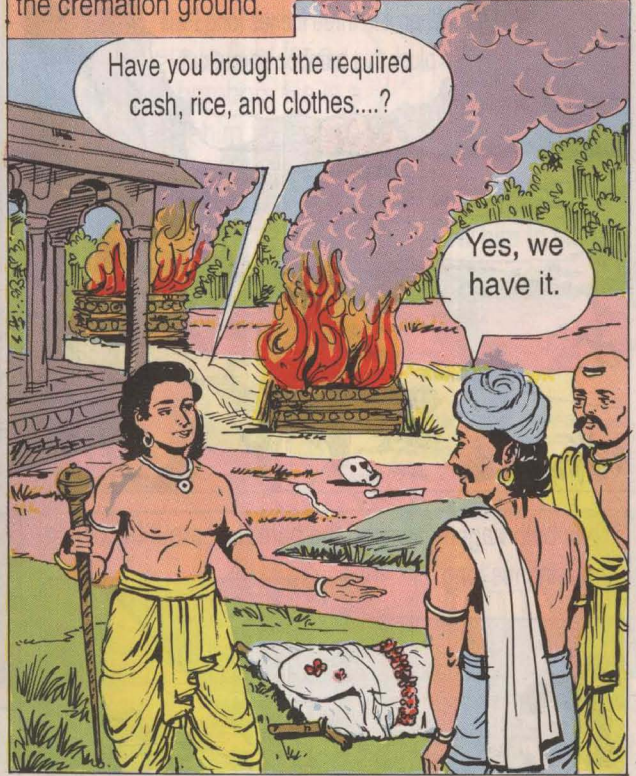
All right father.



Now Karkandu took charge of the duty of guarding the cremation ground.

Have you brought the required cash, rice, and clothes....?

Yes, we have it.

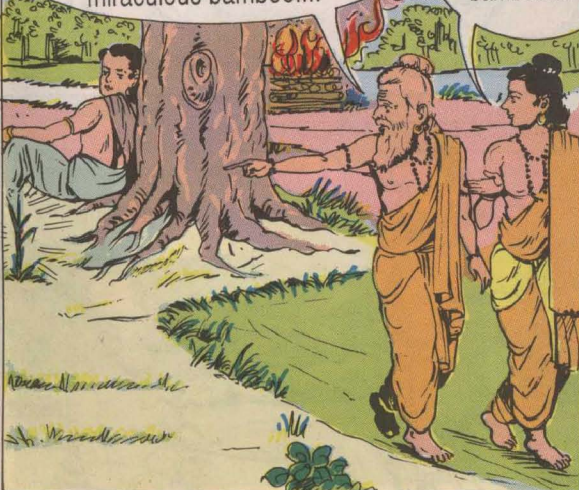


Once Karkandu was sitting under a tree near the cremation ground. A sage and his disciple passed from there talking—

See that bamboo sprout on the southern side of the cremation ground.

That is a very propitious and miraculous bamboo....

Sir! What is so miraculous about the bamboo....



The sage said—

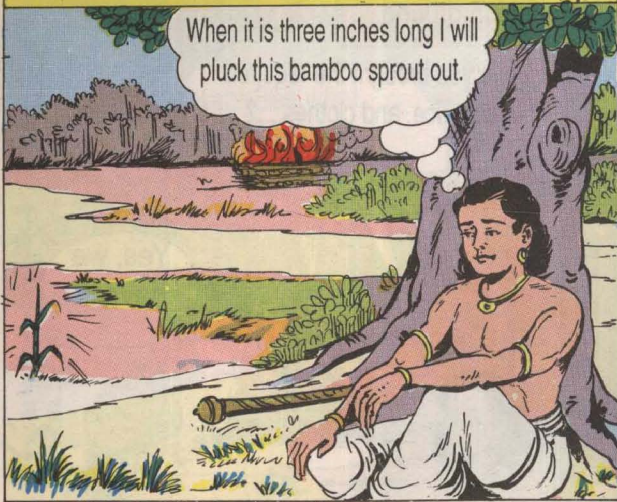
When this sprout grows three inches long, whoever carries it will become a king.





## THE AWAKENING OF KARKANDU

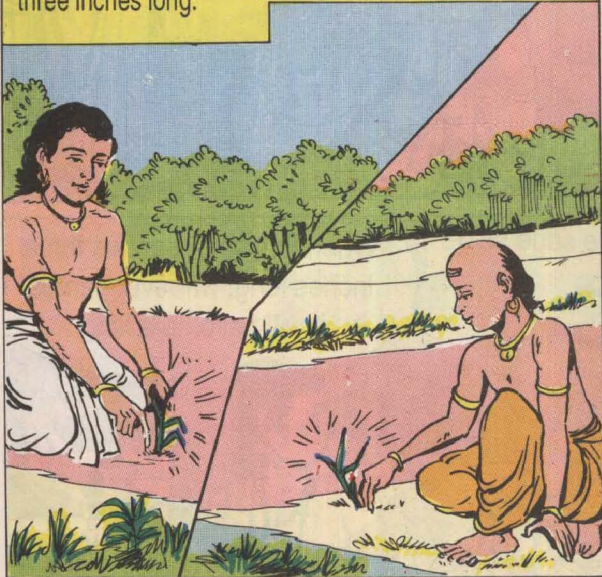
Karkandu heard this dialogue and thought—



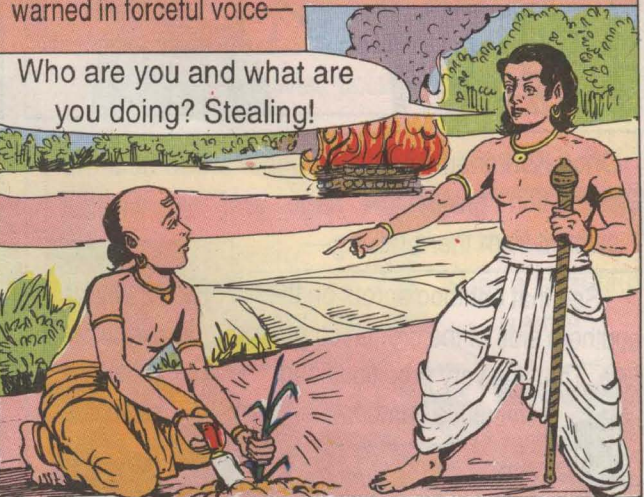
A Brahmin youth had also heard the dialogue—



They both eagerly awaited the bamboo sprout becoming three inches long.



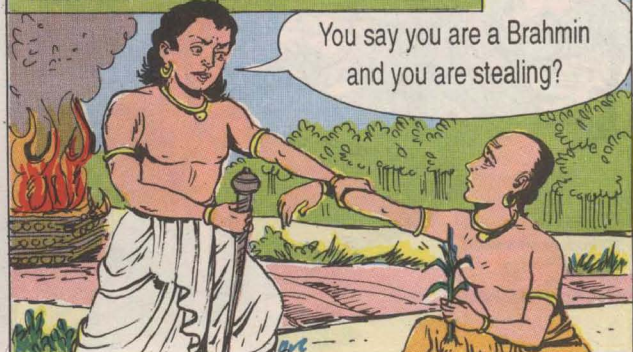
One day the Brahmin youth came and measured the bamboo. When he found it to be three inches long he started digging it out. Just then Karkandu came there and warned in forceful voice—



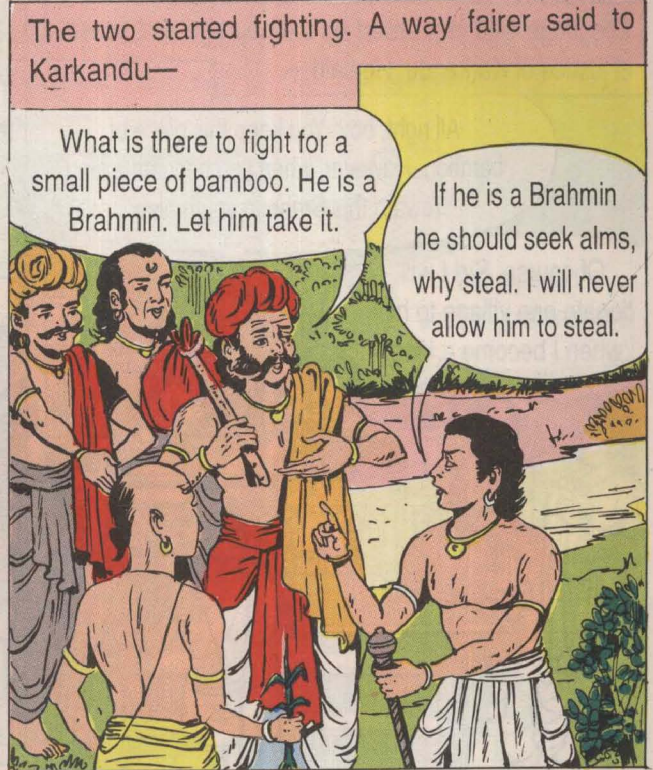
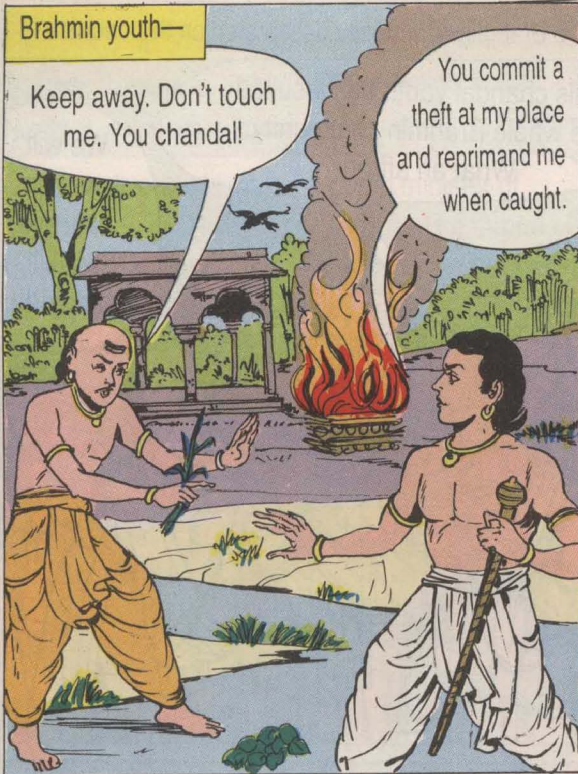
The Brahmin youth was stunned. He replied weakly—



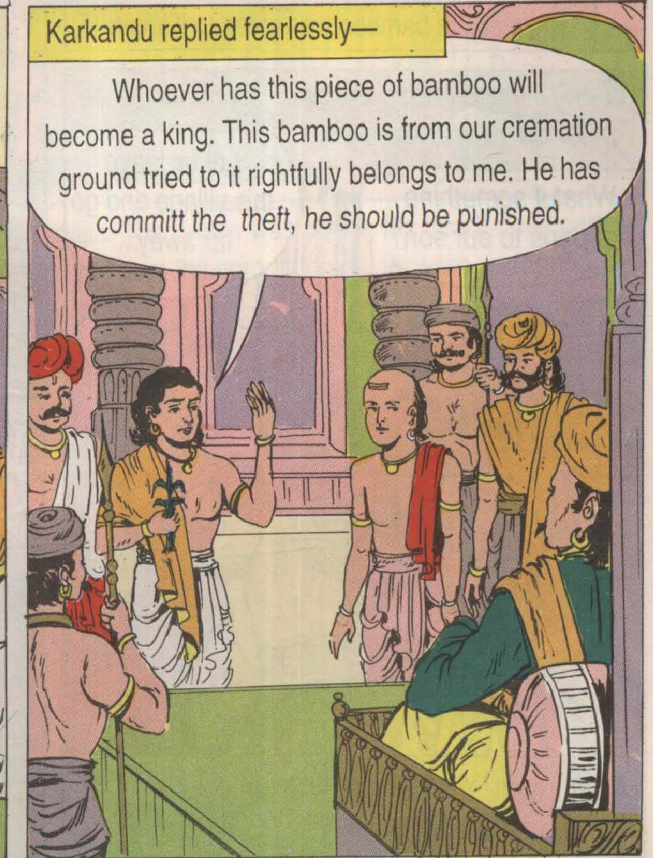
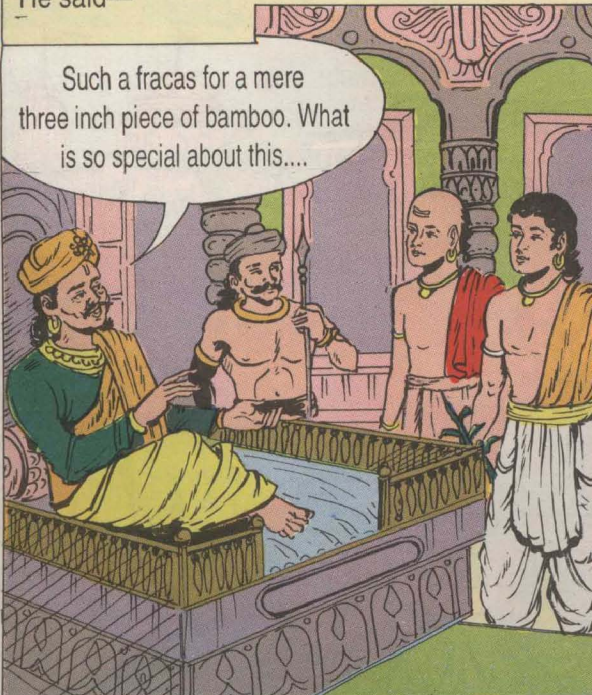
Karkandu caught his hand.







When they could not pacify the two, the citizens took them to the city judge. The judge laughed when he heard about the cause of the quarrel. He said—

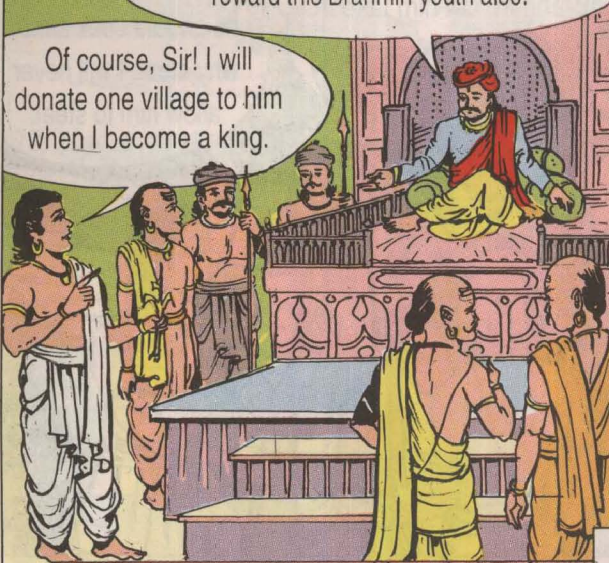




The judge was impressed by the courage and sense of justice of Karkandu. He said—

All right, boy! You keep this piece of bamboo. However, when you become a king reward this Brahmin youth also.

Of course, Sir! I will donate one village to him when I become a king.



The piece of bamboo was given to Karkandu.

When Yamadand heard of this conspiracy of Brahmins he got panicky. He told his wife—

What if something happens to our son?

Let us leave this village and go far away....



That night Yamadand left the village with his wife and Karkandu.

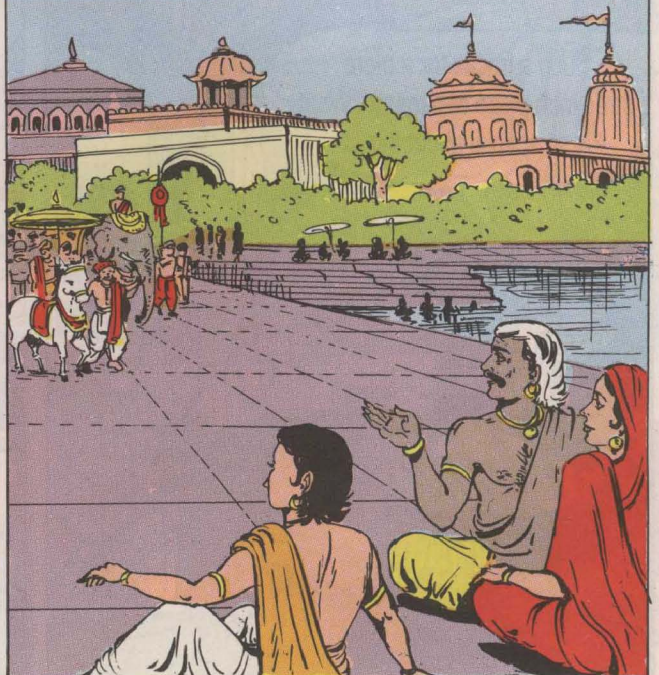
The Brahmin community deliberated on this decision—

This chandal youth has insulted the whole Brahmin community....  
What an affront?

We will avenge this. We will kill Karkandu.



Traveling three days and nights they reached Kanchanpur, the capital of Kalinga. They sat down at the bank of a large lake outside the town. Suddenly they heard noises and looked in that direction.

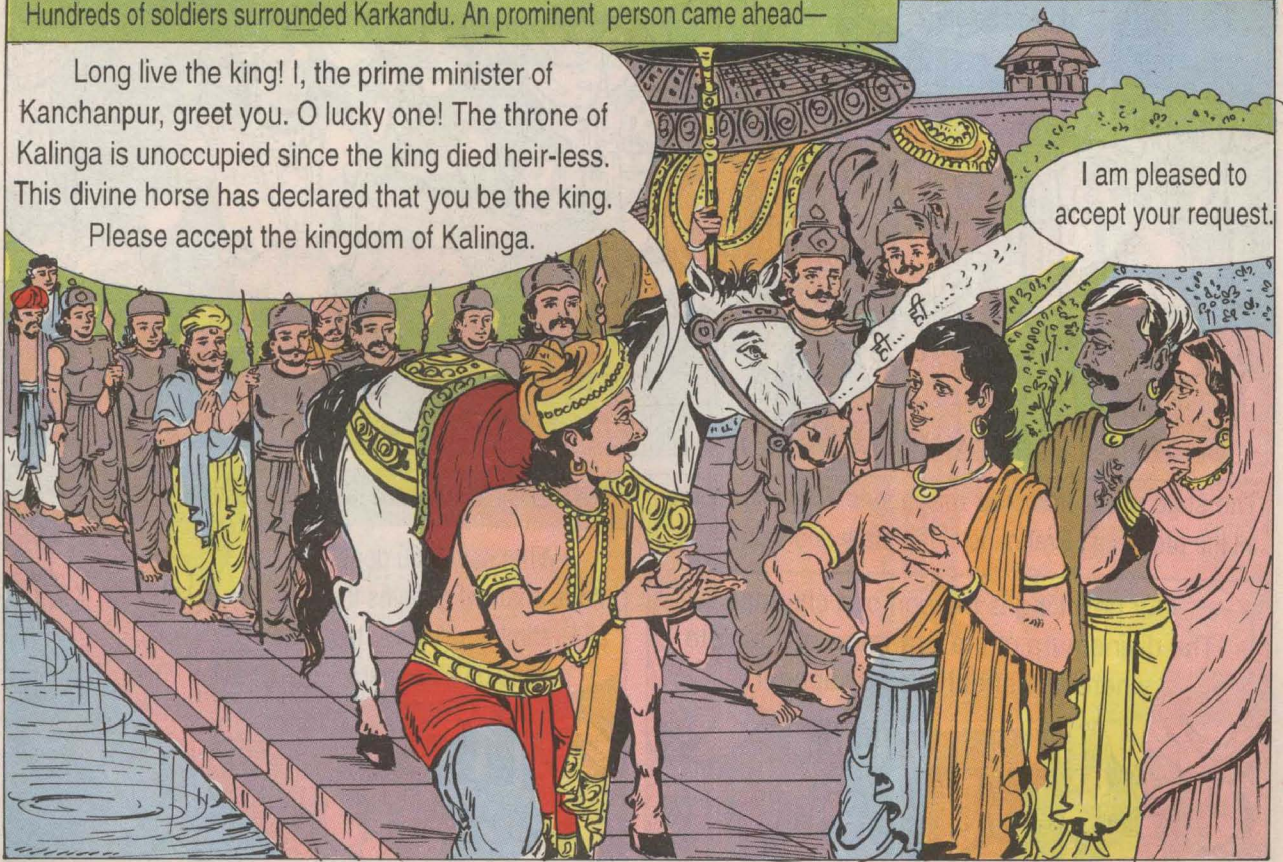




They saw a decorated horse with a regal umbrella coming towards them. It was followed by numerous other decorated horses and elephants. The horse came straight where they were sitting. It stopped in front of Karkandu and whinnied loudly. Hundreds of soldiers surrounded Karkandu. An prominent person came ahead—

Long live the king! I, the prime minister of Kanchanpur, greet you. O lucky one! The throne of Kalinga is unoccupied since the king died heir-less. This divine horse has declared that you be the king. Please accept the kingdom of Kalinga.

I am pleased to accept your request.



Members of the royal staff adorned Karkandu with the regalia. The crown was put on his head. They came to the palace in a procession with him riding the divine horse. There the coronation rituals were performed.



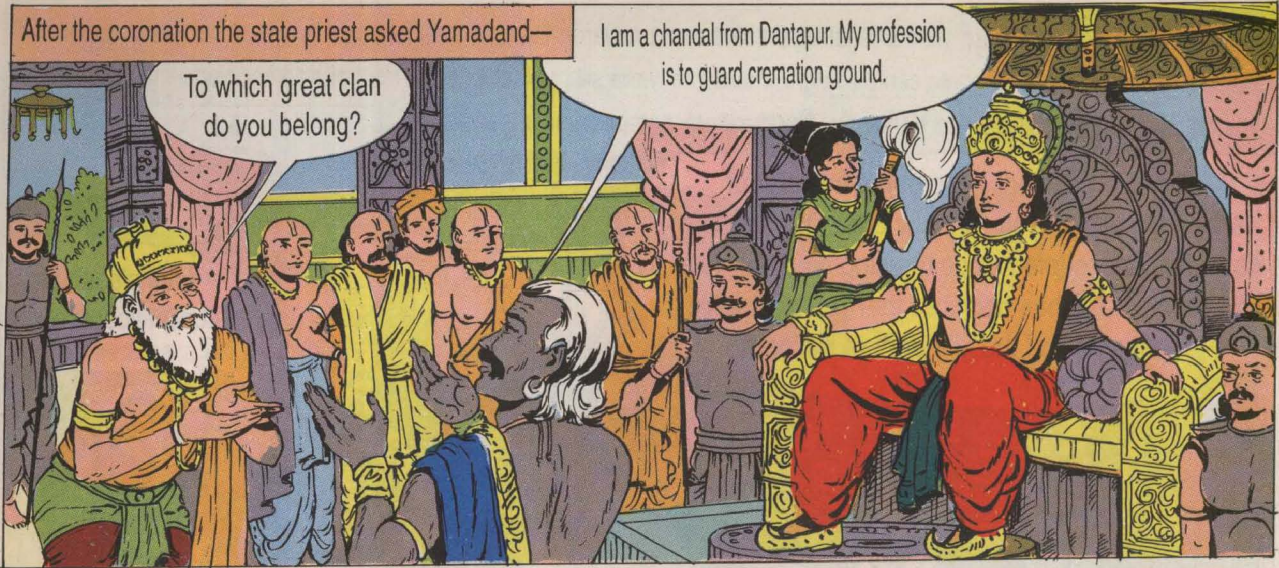


## THE AWAKENING OF KARKANDU

After the coronation the state priest asked Yamadand—

To which great clan  
do you belong?

I am a chandal from Dantapur. My profession  
is to guard cremation ground.



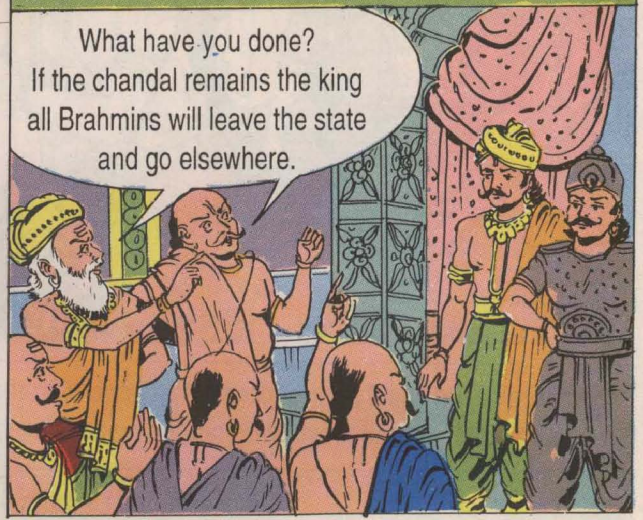
The state priest trembled with anger. He summoned  
all the prominent Brahmins of the state and said—

Our new king is the son of a chandal.  
The divine aura of the Brahmins of the state  
where a chandal rules disappear.



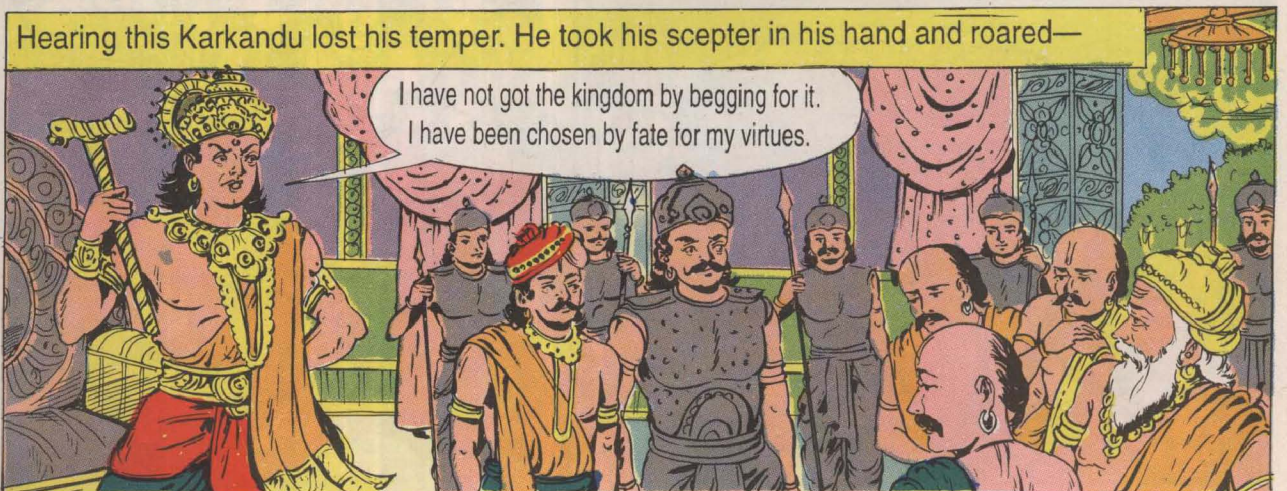
The Brahmins threatened the minister and the commander—

What have you done?  
If the chandal remains the king  
all Brahmins will leave the state  
and go elsewhere.



Hearing this Karkandu lost his temper. He took his scepter in his hand and roared—

I have not got the kingdom by begging for it.  
I have been chosen by fate for my virtues.



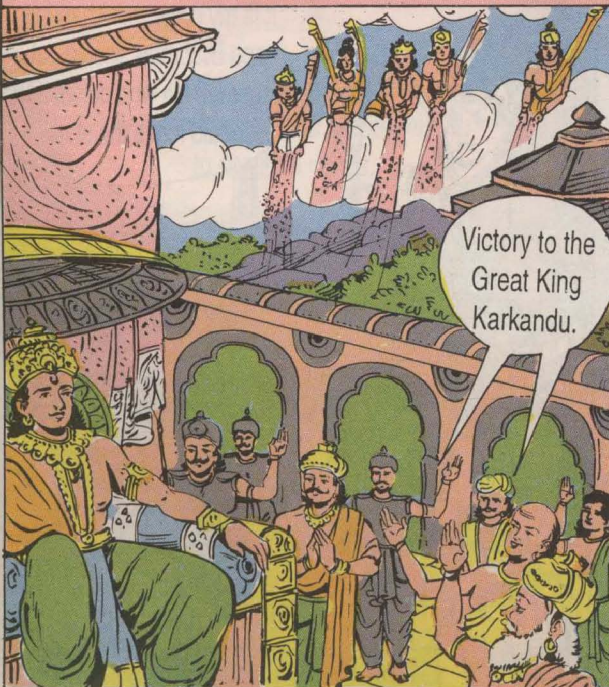


With these words Karkandu waved the scepter in air. Flames erupted from it. Everyone was taken aback by this miracle. From the skies came a divine pronouncement—



Hearing this they were all stunned.

The state priest and others bowed down with awe. The gods showered flowers from the sky.



King Karkandu was disturbed by the casteist antagonism and false pride of the Brahmins. He thought—

Because of their antagonism for other castes the Brahmins hate even the hard working chandals with righteous conduct. Why not turn all chandals into Brahmins.





King Karkandu called the prominent Brahmins of the city and said—

Why do you hate chandals?

Sire! Chandals belong to the lower castes. Even to touch them is a sin.

Then indoctrinate them into ways of the higher castes and make them Brahmins.

The Brahmins could not digest this strange proposal from the king. They humbly said—

No sire! Chandals cannot become Brahmins.

Scholars! It is by his conduct and not by birth that a man is a Brahmin. Purify them by inducting them into righteous ways. Once they accept that why can't these chandals turn into Brahmins....

The king ordered them with a warning—

It is my order that chandals and Brahmins should eat together. He who defies this should leave the state.

The Brahmins remained silent.

Note : A child becomes Brahmin only after the thread-ceremony that is why he is called a Dvij or twice born.

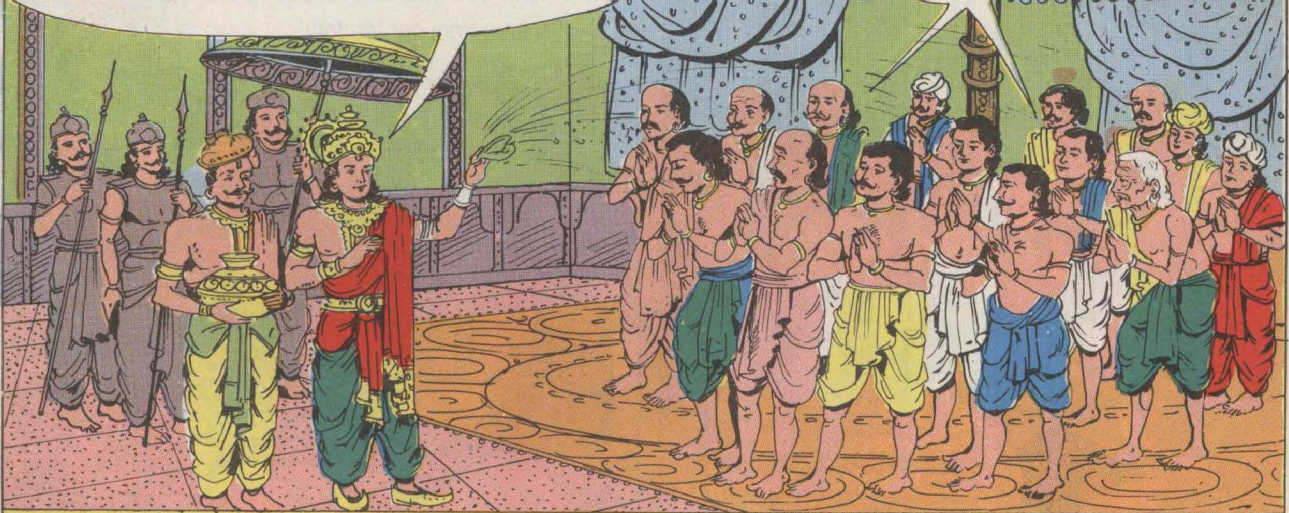


According to the king's order Brahmins and chandals dined together. The king then made them stand under a large canopy and sprinkled holy water over them. He said—

Now all chandals have become Brahmins.

All their life they will follow the rules of refraining from killing animals, consuming meat and alcohol, stealing, and adultery.

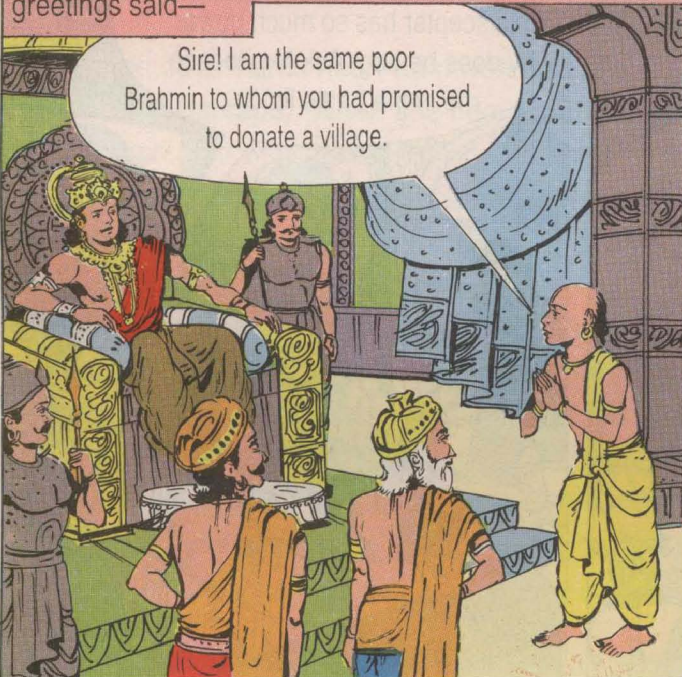
We accept this.



With the change in attitude and behaviour the caste changed. The chandals accepted the pious way of life like Brahmins.

The glory of Karkandu spread far and near. One day a Brahmin youth came to Karkandu's court and after greetings said—

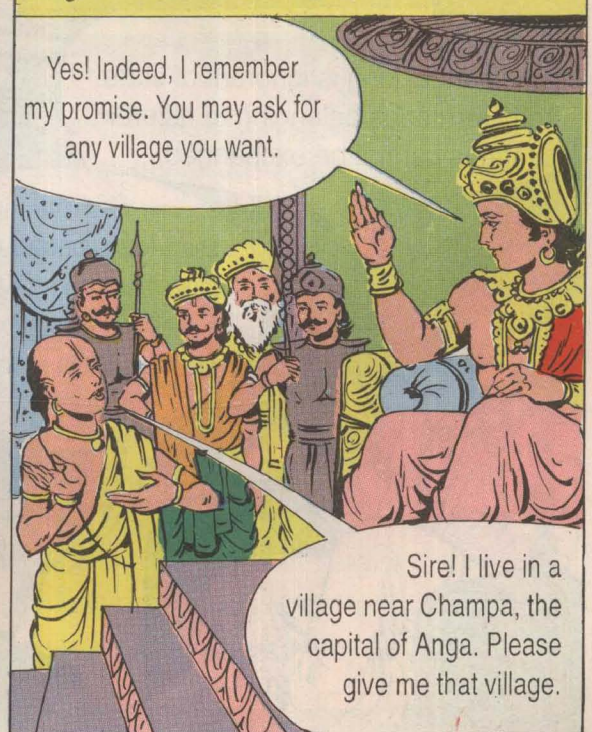
Sire! I am the same poor Brahmin to whom you had promised to donate a village.



King Karkandu also recognized the Brahmin—

Yes! Indeed, I remember my promise. You may ask for any village you want.

Sire! I live in a village near Champa, the capital of Anga. Please give me that village.





At this the minister intervened—

Sire! How can we donate a village belonging to Anga. That state is ruled by King Dadhivahan....

Now that I have given my word it will be honoured. Send an emissary to King Dadhivahan with my message.

Karkandu's emissary took along the Brahmin and went to King Dadhivahan with the message.

Sire! King Karkandu of Kalinga has sent a message. Kindly give the desired village in your territory to this Brahmin. In exchange you may take an equivalent area from our territory.

With anger mixed mockery the king of Champa said—

The chandal king is ignorant of state-craft. Territories belonging to different states cannot be exchanged....

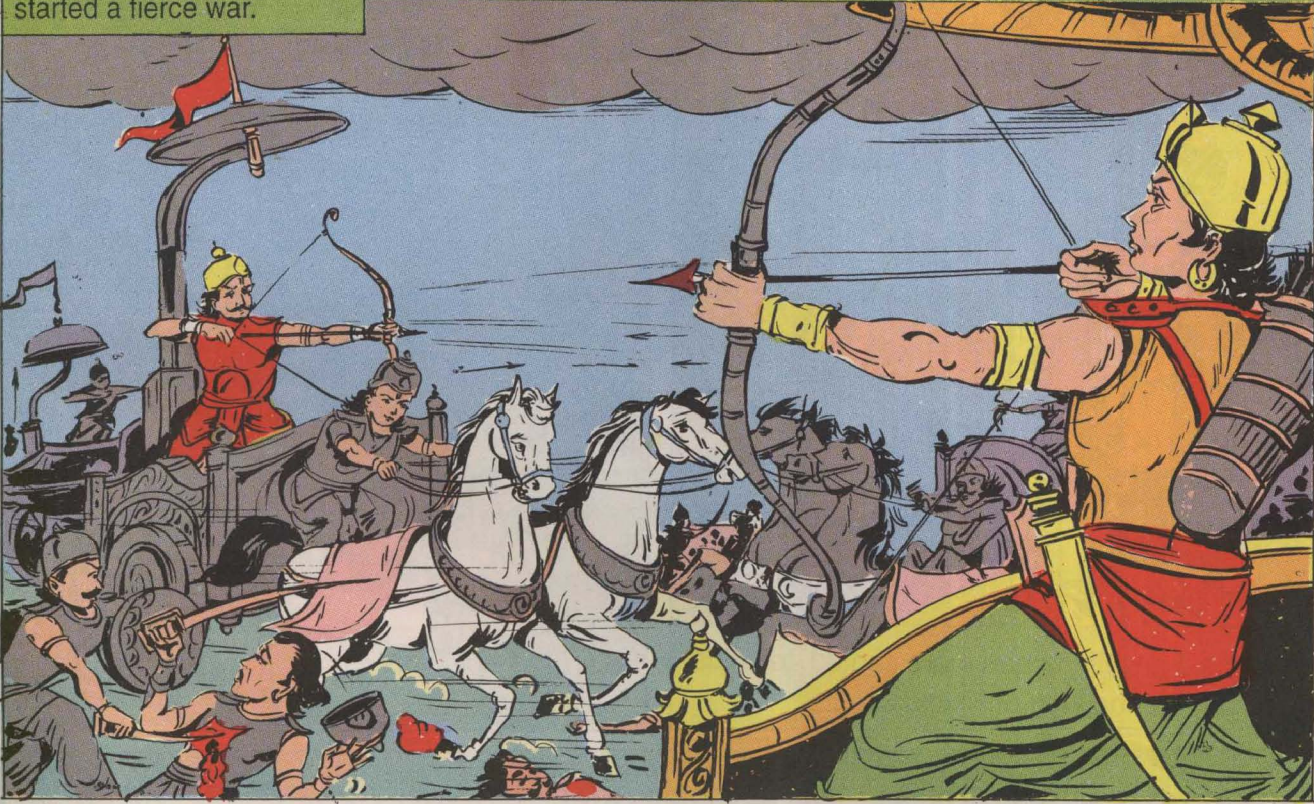
Sire! You seem to be unaware of the anger of the king of Kalinga. His eyes and scepter both emit fire. He will turn everything to ashes.

King Dadhivahan said—

Go back and tell your king that if his scepter has so much power why does he beg. Ask him to face me in the battle field.



The emissary left without any comment. When he reported the words of Dadhivahan to Karkandu the king lost his temper. He declared a war. War trumpets were blown and the armies of Anga and Kalinga started a fierce war.



On the other hand, nun Padmavati was keeping a trace of Karkandu's activities since he had fled Dantapur. When she heard that Anga and Kalinga are at war against each other she trembled with apprehension. Unaware of their relationship a father and his son had become enemies. Padmavati approached her preceptor and after telling the whole story said, "Because of ignorance thousands of men are being slaughtered.... if you allow me I can convince them to stop this war." The preceptor gave her permission. Padmavati came to the battle field and told the story of her past and his birth to Karkandu. She added, "Son! King Dadhivahan is not your enemy. He is your father...." When Yamadand also confirmed this, Karkandu was filled with love for his real father. After this Padmavati went to the camp of King Dadhivahan. Everyone there was surprised to see her. King Dadhivahan was also filled with joy. Padmavati told her story starting from the point of her separation from the king. She informed, "Sire! Karkandu is not the son of a chandal. He is your son. Chandal has only brought him up. Karkandu is your own blood. Why this war?"



Hearing all this Dadhivahan was filled with joy. He instructed his commander—

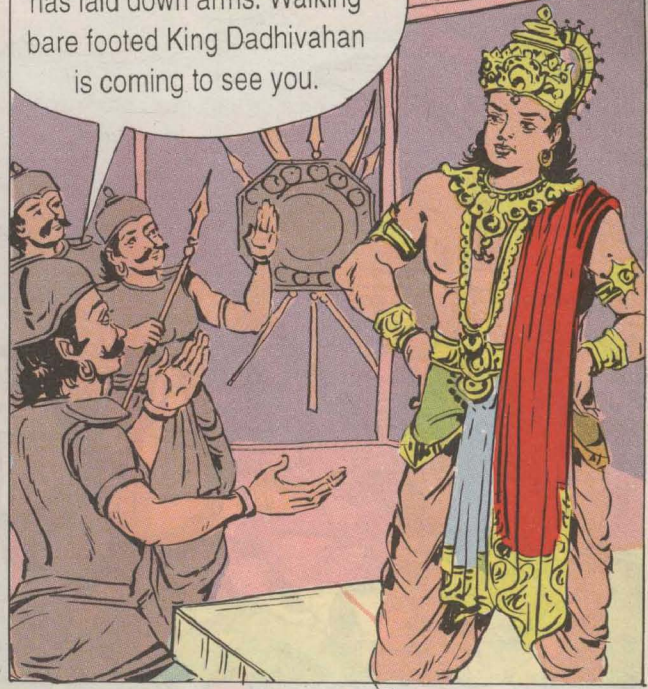
Stop the war....  
Lay down the arms....



And he himself rushed bare footed towards the camp of the king of Kalinga.

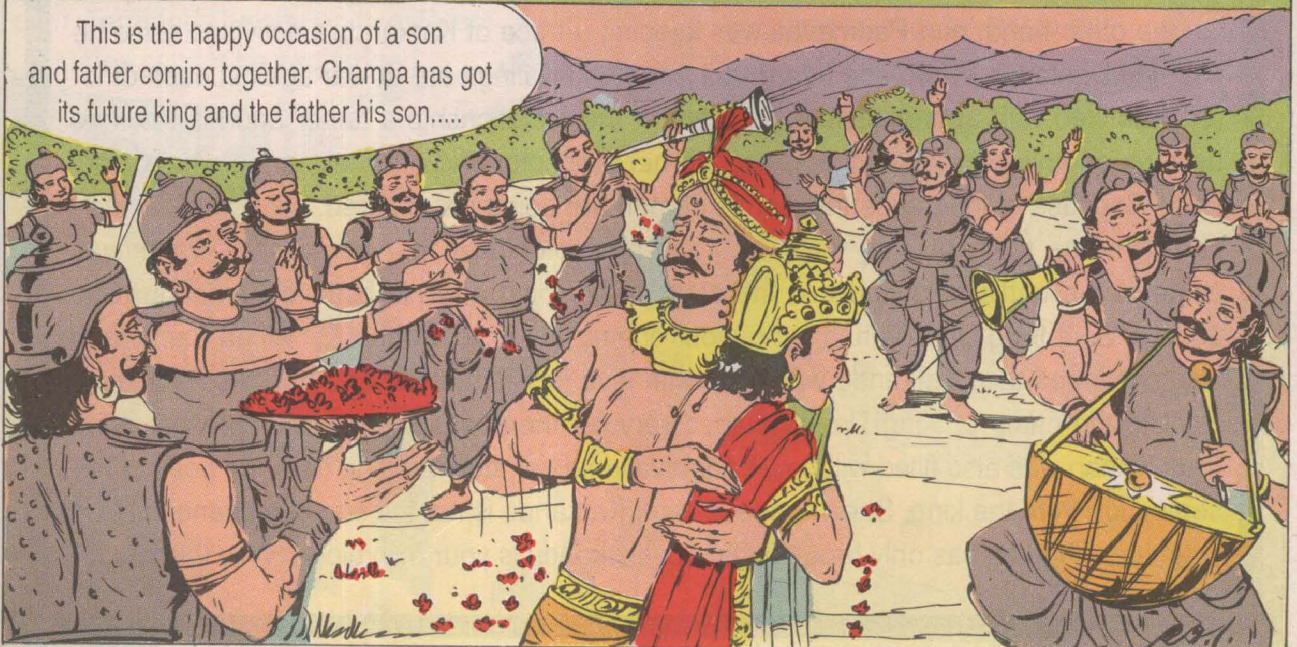
The soldiers informed Karkandu—

Sire! The army of Anga has laid down arms. Walking bare footed King Dadhivahan is coming to see you.



Karkandu also ran bare footed to meet Dadhivahan. With tears of joy in his eyes he fell at the feet of his father. Dadhivahan embraced him. Soldiers from both sides showered flowers and extended greetings with beating drums. The commander of Champa said—

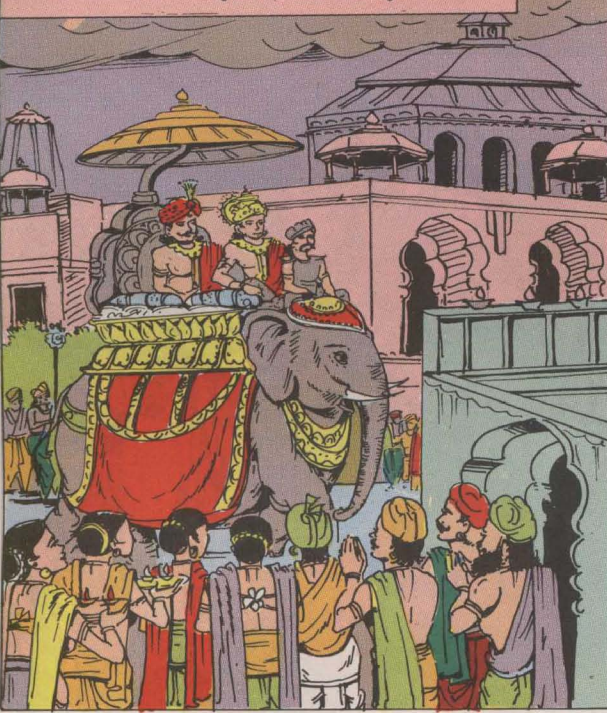
This is the happy occasion of a son and father coming together. Champa has got its future king and the father his son....



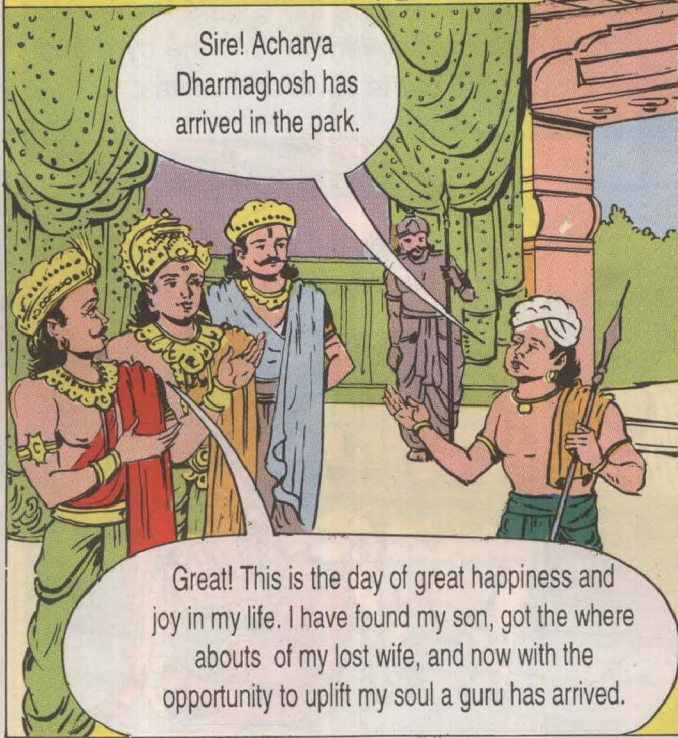


## THE AWAKENING OF KARKANDU

The father and the son sat on the same elephant and entered Champa. Every house in Champa lit lamps with butter and ladies sang auspicious songs.



With pomp and show the two entered the palace. The guard of the royal garden came and informed—



Arriving at the decision the king called his prime minister and said—

Make preparations for the coronation of my son Karkandu and initiation ceremony for me....



Next day in a grand ceremony King Dadhivahan crowned Karkandu and handed over the reins of the kingdom of Anga.

Hail King Karkandu!

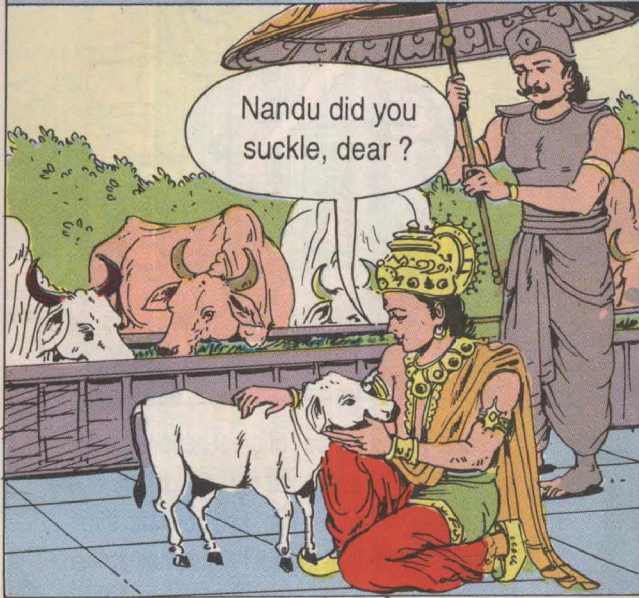
Long live the king!



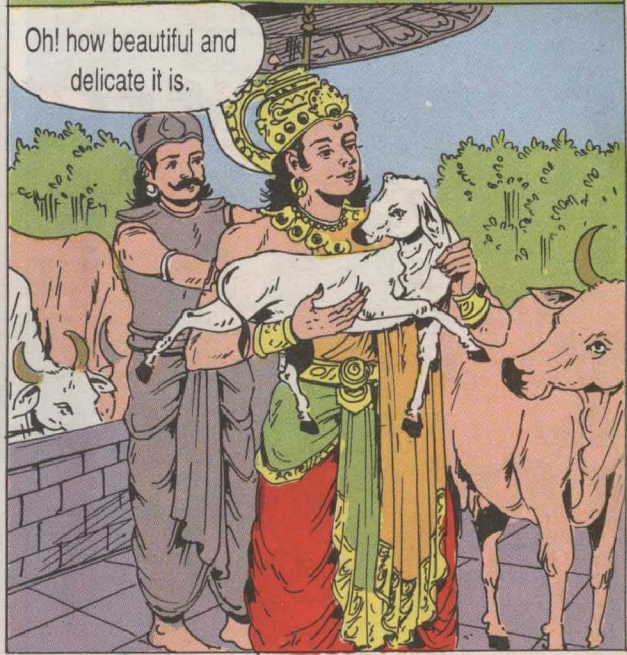
Free of the burden of the state, King Dadhivahan proceeded on the spiritual path.



Karkandu was now the sovereign of the large territories of Anga and Kalinga. He was very fond of cows. In his byre there were thousands of cows. He himself went around the byre and took loving care of the cows and calves.

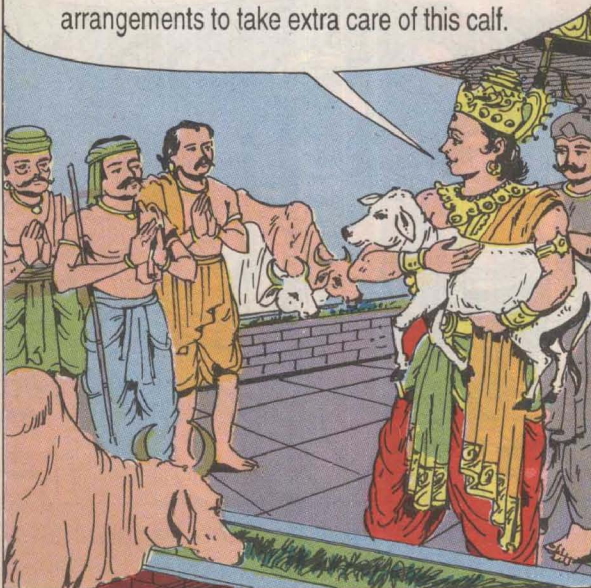


One day while going around the byre he saw a new born calf. His heart went out to it. He picked it up in his hands and fondled and kissed it like a human baby—

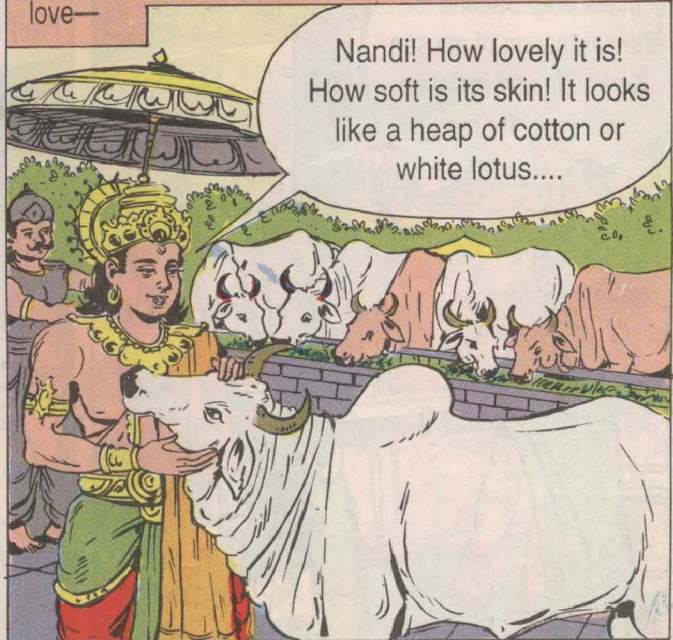


He gave instructions to the cowherds—

This calf should be allowed to suckle its mother freely. If need be feed extra milk as well. Make arrangements to take extra care of this calf.



The chosen calf was looked after according to the king's wish. A few months later the king again came to the byre. The calf was now a young bull. The king touched it with love—





Karkandu spent a lot of time fondling the smooth body of the young bull. Appreciating its white teeth, strong body, and soft skin the king said—

Make a golden chain and a silver trough to feed this beautiful bull.

After a long period Karkandu came again to the byre. While he was moving around petting cows and calves he suddenly recalled—

Oh! Where is that Nandi?

Sire! This is your beloved Nandi.

The king looked at it with surprise—

Are you sure? Where are its milky white teeth?

They have fallen, Sire! It is old now.

The king said—

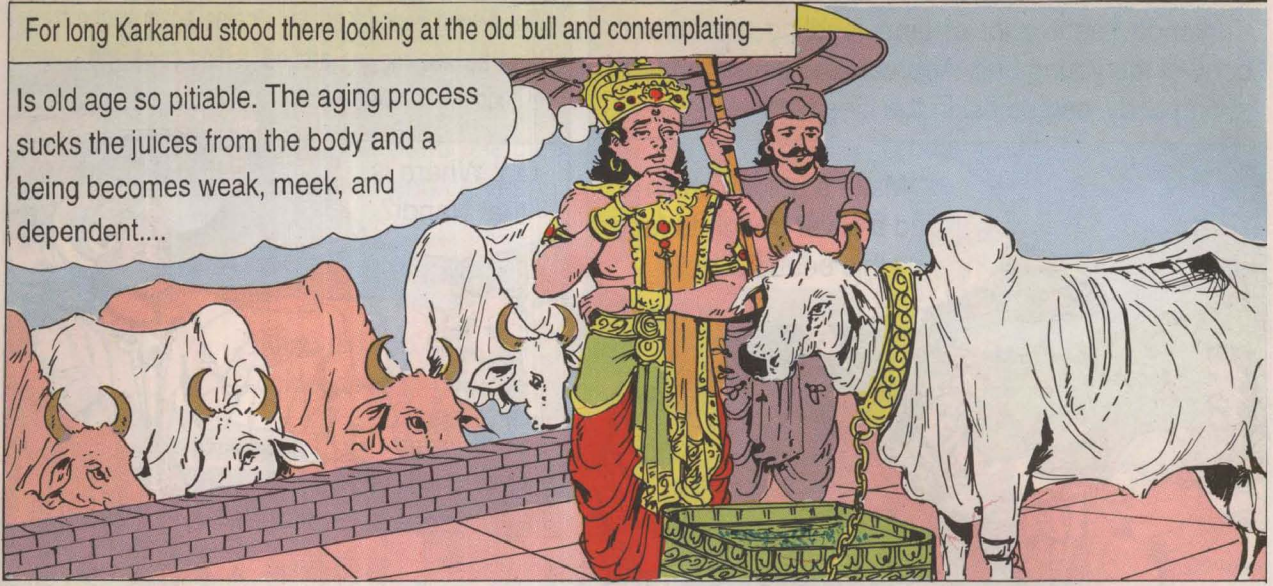
Its skin has become wrinkled, eyes are wet and dirty, and a horn is broken. How limp and weak it looks.

Sire! Old age does this to the body. All the fervor and vigour vane with advancing age.



For long Karkandu stood there looking at the old bull and contemplating—

Is old age so pitiable. The aging process sucks the juices from the body and a being becomes weak, meek, and dependent....

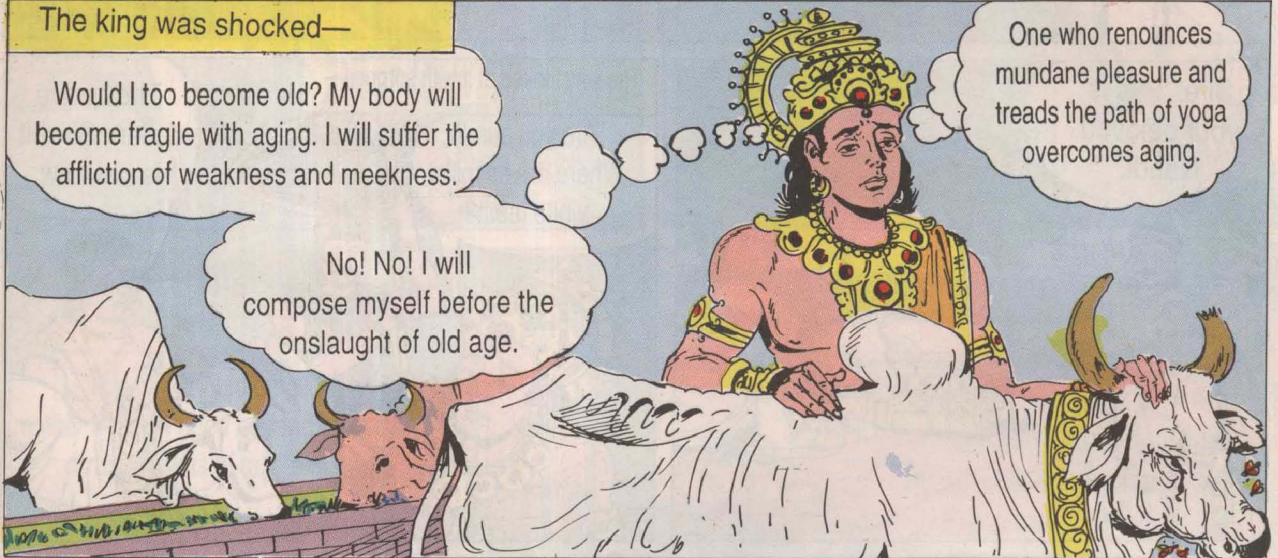


The king was shocked—

Would I too become old? My body will become fragile with aging. I will suffer the affliction of weakness and meekness.

No! No! I will compose myself before the onslaught of old age.

One who renounces mundane pleasure and treads the path of yoga overcomes aging.



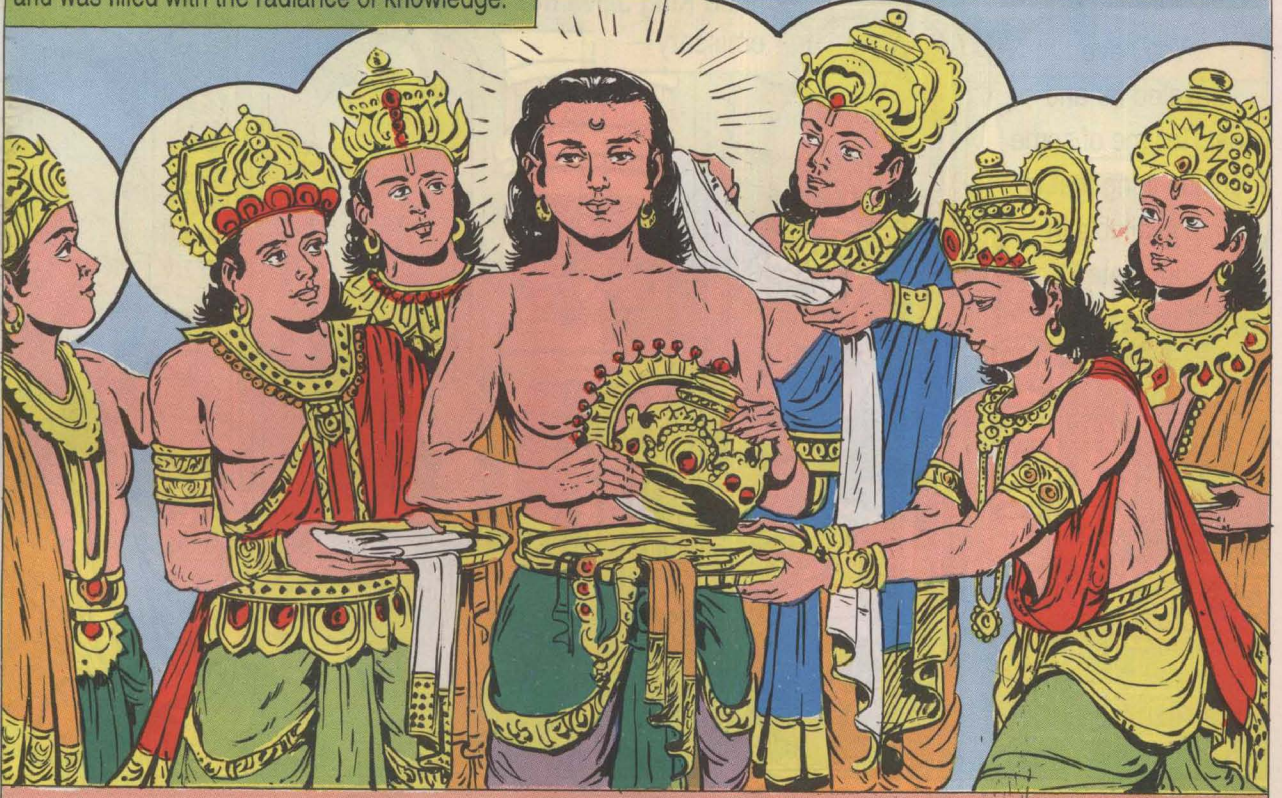
I will make my soul strong with the practices of discipline and austerities.

Then aging.... and death will not be able to afflict me....





Thinking thus about the self Karkandu, the king of Kalinga, got enlightenment instantaneously. His soul awakened and was filled with the radiance of knowledge.



He took off his regal attire and prepared for renouncing. At that moment gods appeared and dressed him as an ascetic. Karkandu became a Pratyek-buddha.

**THE END**

### THE MESSAGE—

This story of the life of Pratyek-buddha Karkandu teaches us that in troubled times patience and courage are the biggest assets of a man. ● One who has faith in his own power and luck is never afraid of anyone. ● Greatness lies in attitude and action not in caste. ● With purity of attitude and conduct a chandal becomes as pious as a Brahmin. ● The body, youth, strength, etc. are all short lived. One should observe discipline and austerities and under take other pious activities before the age makes the body feeble and weak. In the Jain scriptures there is verse about Pratyek Buddha Karkandu—

સેયં સુનાયં સુવિભત્તસિંગં, જો પાસિયા વસહં ગોઢ મજ્ઞે,  
દિદ્ધિ-અદિદ્ધિ સમુપેહિયાણં કલિંગરાયા પિ સમિક્ખ ધમ્મં।

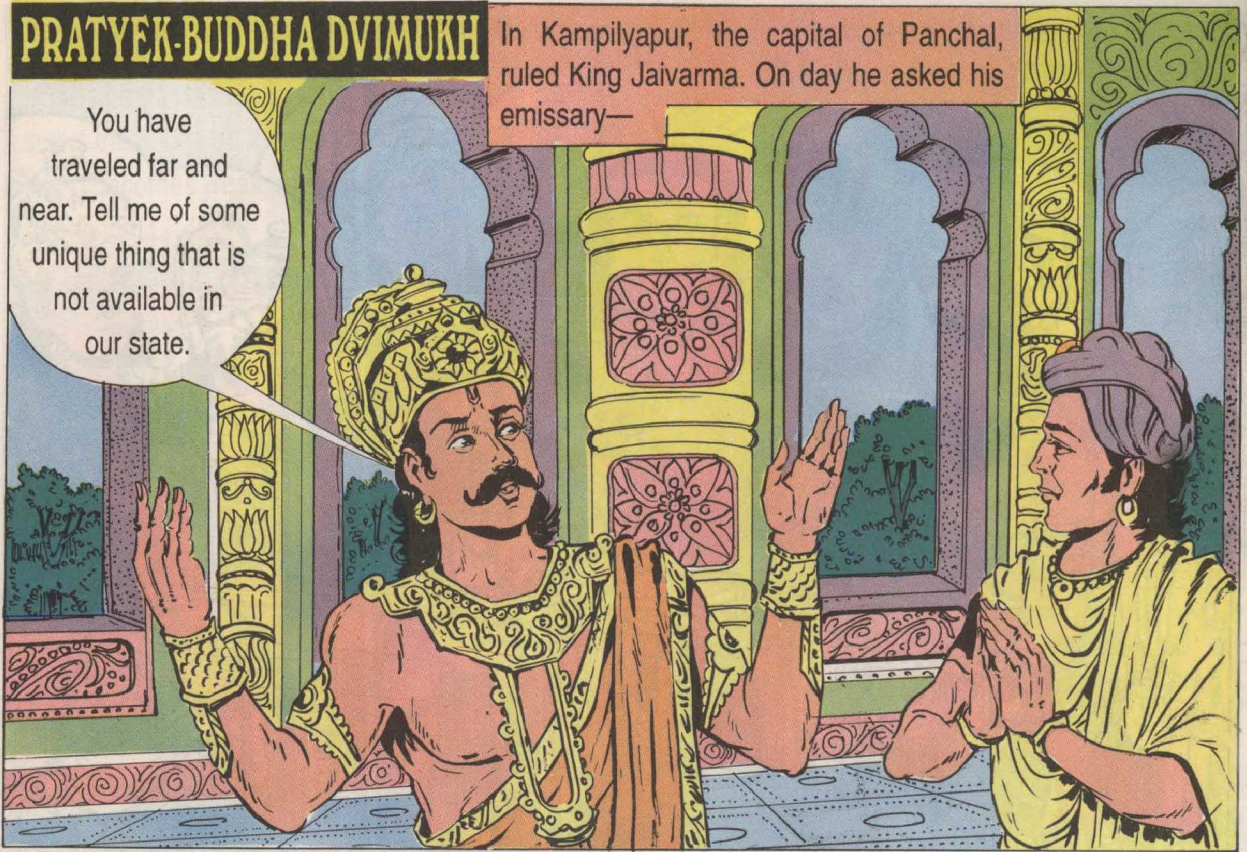
**Meaning—**When the king of Kalinga saw a young and healthy white bull with beautiful horns turn weak and disabled by ageing, he thought about the adverse effects of ageing and took to the spiritual path. He renounced mundane pleasures and with the help of yoga realized the self.



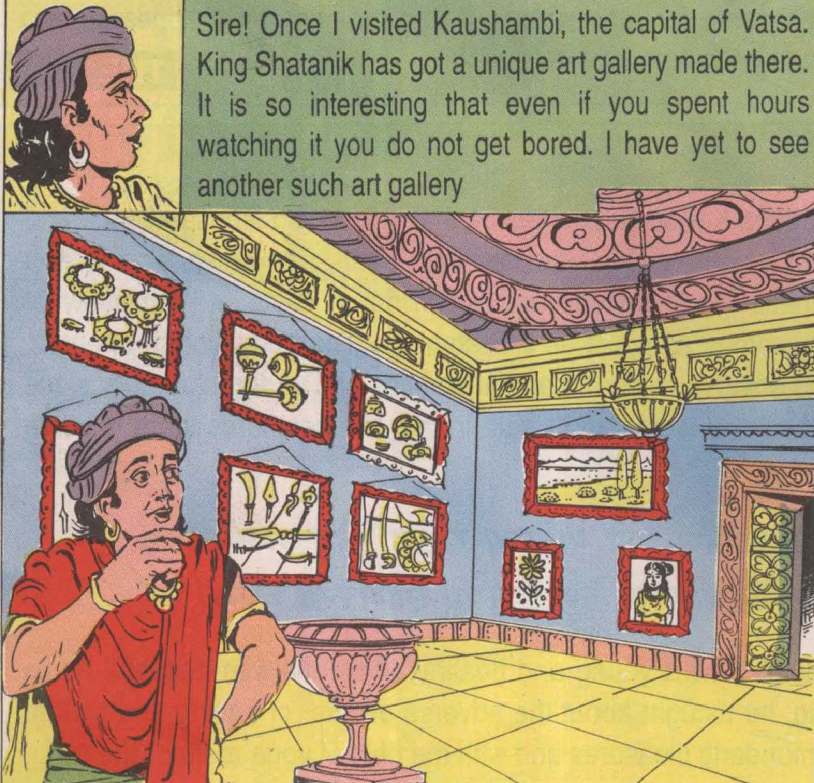
## PRATYEK-BUDDHA DVIMUKH

In Kampilyapur, the capital of Panchal, ruled King Jaivarma. On day he asked his emissary—

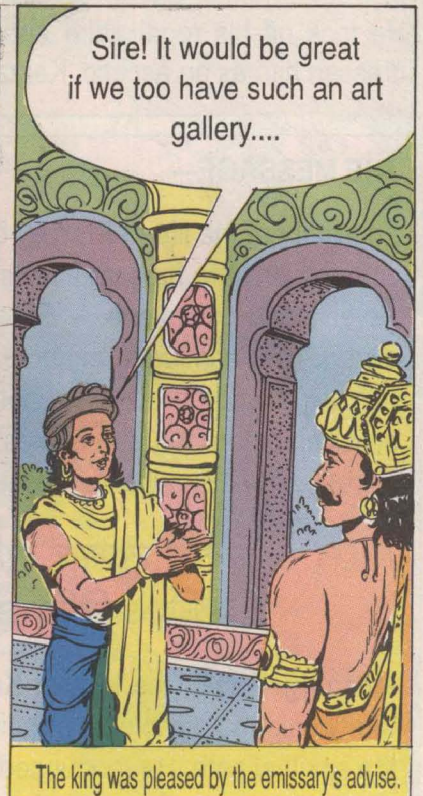
You have traveled far and near. Tell me of some unique thing that is not available in our state.



Sire! Once I visited Kaushambi, the capital of Vatsa. King Shatanik has got a unique art gallery made there. It is so interesting that even if you spent hours watching it you do not get bored. I have yet to see another such art gallery



Sire! It would be great if we too have such an art gallery....



The king was pleased by the emissary's advise.



Soon the king invited famous architects and artists from distant lands and selected a spot—

What a beautiful site. On one side there is a lush green mountain, on another is a river, and on the third is a jungle with various animals.

The architects agreed and commenced the work.

While digging, the workers found a glittering golden crown in some ancient remains. The architect ran to the king with it and the king looked agape at the crown.

Oh! How wonderful is this crown. How large are these gems studded in it....

When the king placed the crown on his head there appeared the reflection of his face in the closely set gems. His minister exclaimed—

Great, Sire! It is a divine crown. Your face is clearly reflected in the gems studded in this crown. It seems that you have two faces, not just one, Sire!

With passage of time the king got known as Dvimukh (two faced).

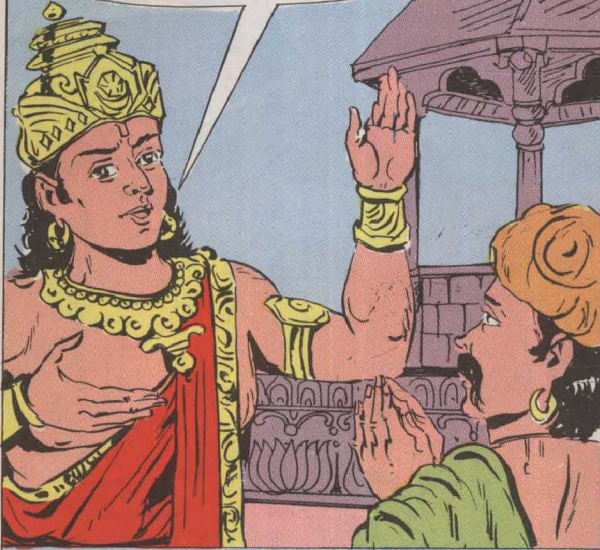
Once Chandpradyot, the king of Avanti heard about the divine crown from some caravaneer. He was filled with a desire to possess it—

I am the greatest king in India the Bharat Khand. Such crown should be with me.



Chandpradyot called his special emissary and said—

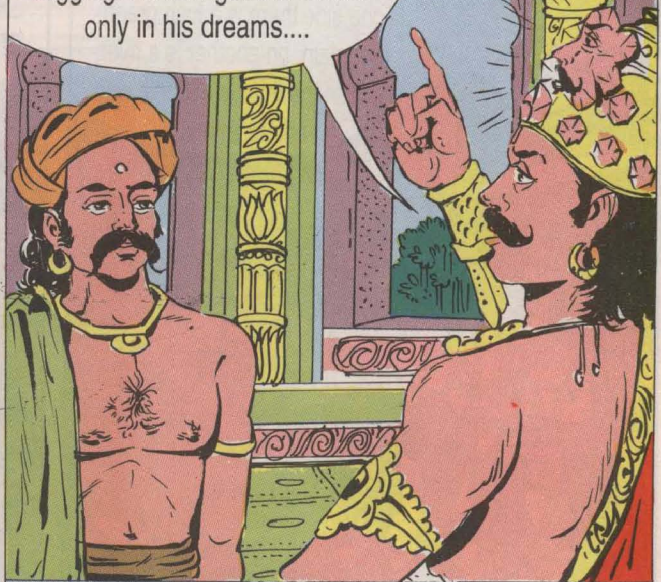
Go to king Jaivarma and tell him that he should hand over the divine crown to me. He may seek anything in return....



The emissary went to Jaivarma with the message.

Jaivarma laughed and said—

Tell your king that one does not even get alms by begging. He can get this crown only in his dreams....



The emissary conveyed the reply to Chandpradyot.

Angry Chandpradyot attacked Kampilyapur. Jaivarma was also a great warrior. He defeated the army of Avanti and made Chandpradyot a prisoner. The victor said—

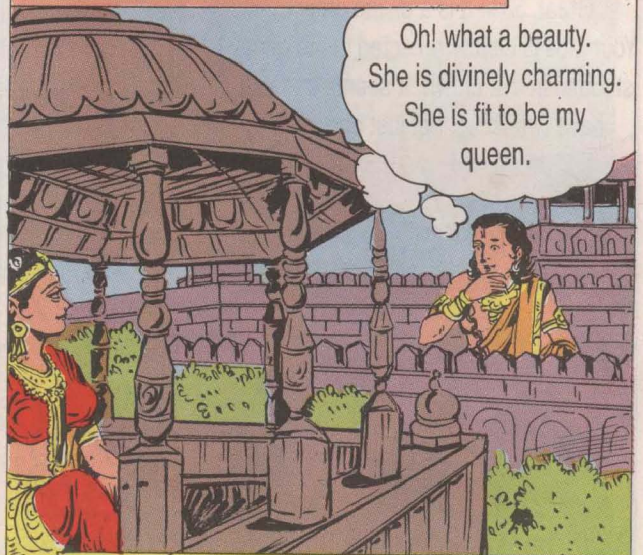
According to the norms of war you are my prisoner. However, don't worry. As you are also a friend you will be treated well here....



Providing all the facilities befitting a king, Chandpradyot was put under detention in a palace.

One evening when Chandpradyot was walking in the gallery he saw a beautiful young girl sitting in the balcony of the adjacent palace. He was stunned by her beauty—

Oh! what a beauty. She is divinely charming. She is fit to be my queen.

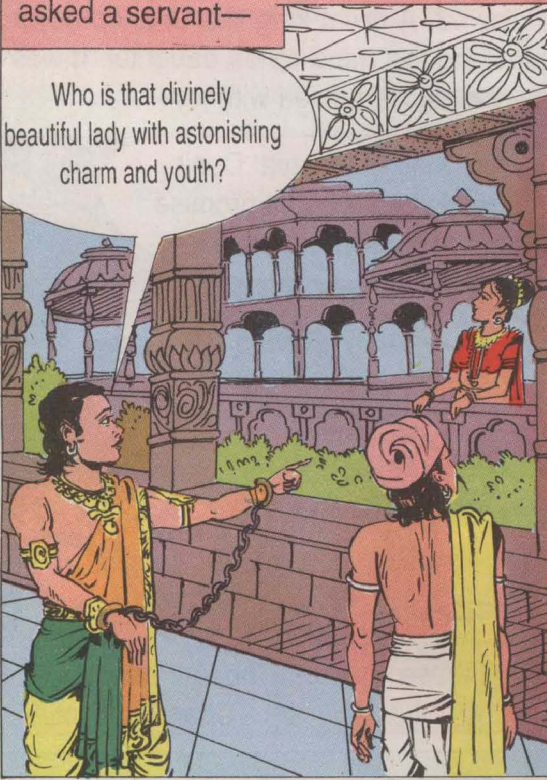


Dazed Chandpradyot continued to stare at her.



After some time he recovered and asked a servant—

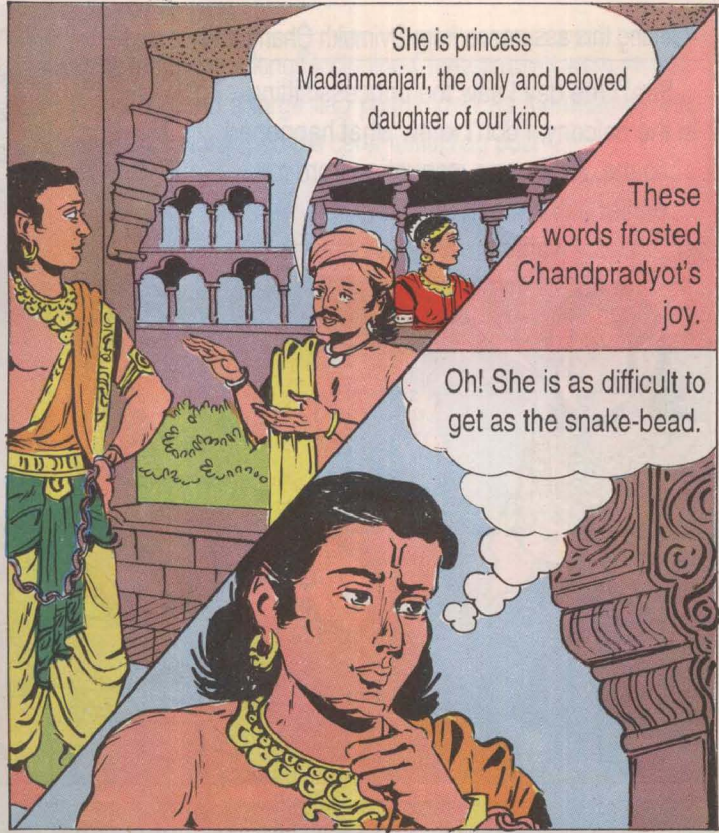
Who is that divinely beautiful lady with astonishing charm and youth?



She is princess Madanmanjari, the only and beloved daughter of our king.

These words frosted Chandpradyot's joy.

Oh! She is as difficult to get as the snake-bead.



Next day king Dvimukh came to see Chandpradyot. Finding Chandpradyot gloomy, he asked—

King! Why there is a shadow of gloom on your face? Any problem? Do you find my hospitality lacking any way?



No Sire! Nothing lacks in your arrangements. However, there are certain miseries that are difficult to express....

Jaivarma laughed and said—

King! I have considered you a friend. It is my duty to remove the misery of a friend.... Please do not hesitate to tell me....





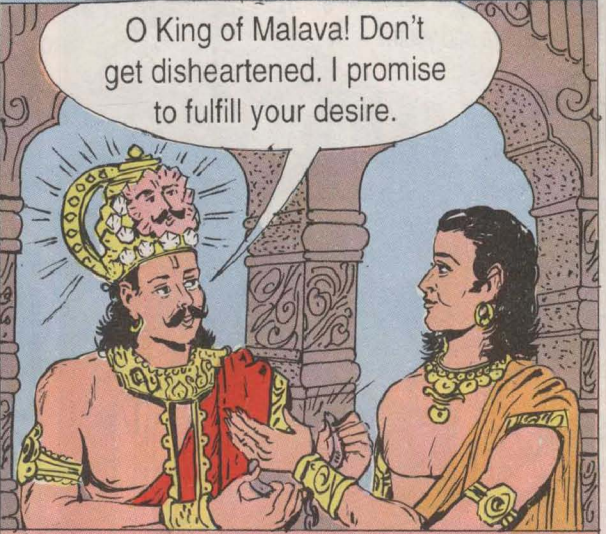
Getting this assurance from Dvimukh Chandpradyot said—

Sire! One day I saw the princess sitting in the balcony. I don't know what happened to me. As if some inspiration from my earlier births made me fall in love with her.... I want to marry the princess.



King Dvimukh was taken aback. But soon his eyes glowed. A great king like Chandpradyot was seeking the hand of his daughter. It was like a windfall. He replied with joy—

O King of Malava! Don't get disheartened. I promise to fulfill your desire.



With these words he unshackled Chandpradyot.

With great fanfare Dvimukh married Madanmanjari to Chandpradyot and also returned the kingdom of Malava.

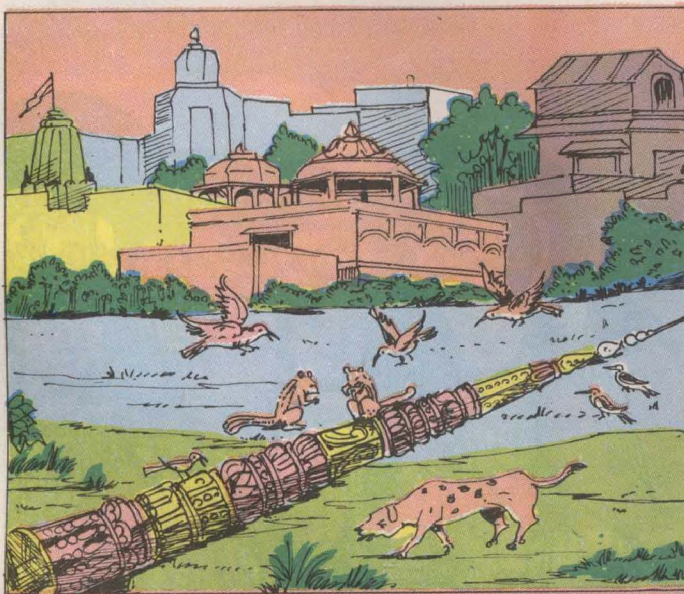
O king! My daughter, Madanmanjari, will fill your life with happiness. Please take her proper care.



Chandpradyot returned to Avanti with all pomp and show.



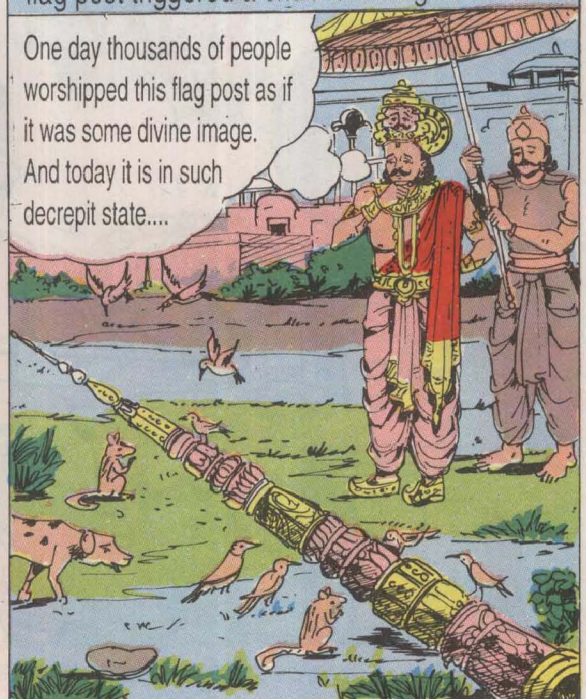
A few days later the Indra festival was celebrated in Kampilyapur. Many great kings including Chandpradyot were invited. At the main square a huge flag-post with colourful small silken flags and a large flag post known as Indra-dhwaj was erected. On the full moon day the king, his ministers and commanders worshiped the ceremonial flag post—



After the ceremony the guests returned. The costly decorations on the flag post were removed. Deserted by the pulsating and celebrating crowds the square became desolate. The flag-post fell on the ground. Dogs and other street animals defecated near it and a stink filled the atmosphere.

A day or two later Dvimukh passed from there. The miserable state of the once grand flag post triggered a chain of thoughts—

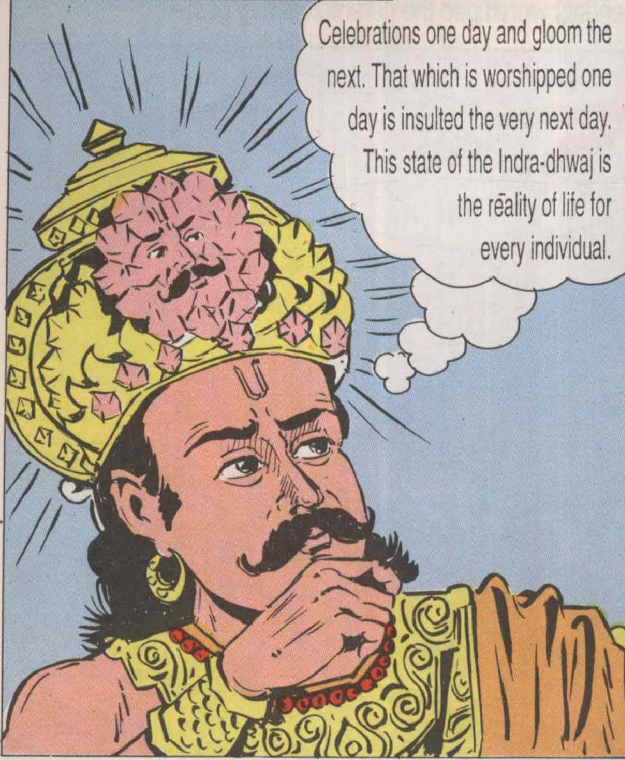
One day thousands of people worshipped this flag post as if it was some divine image. And today it is in such decrepit state....





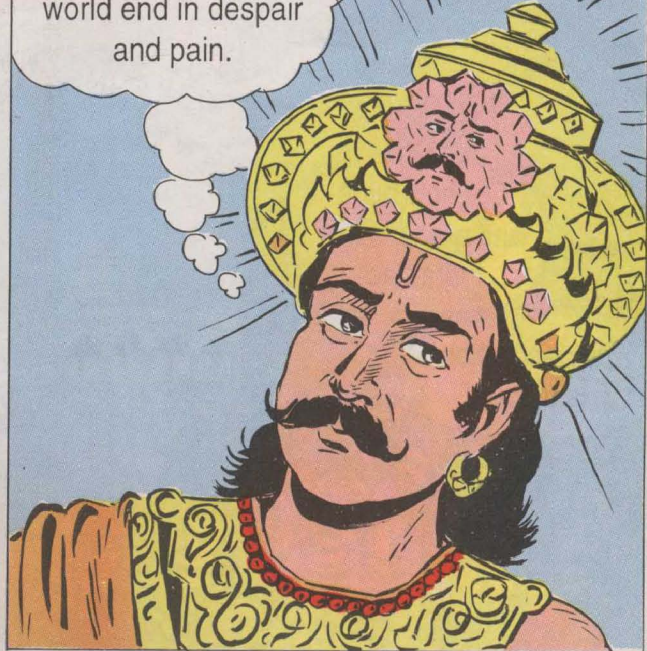
....And the king went deeper and deeper into his thoughts—

Celebrations one day and gloom the next. That which is worshipped one day is insulted the very next day. This state of the Indra-dhwaj is the reality of life for every individual.

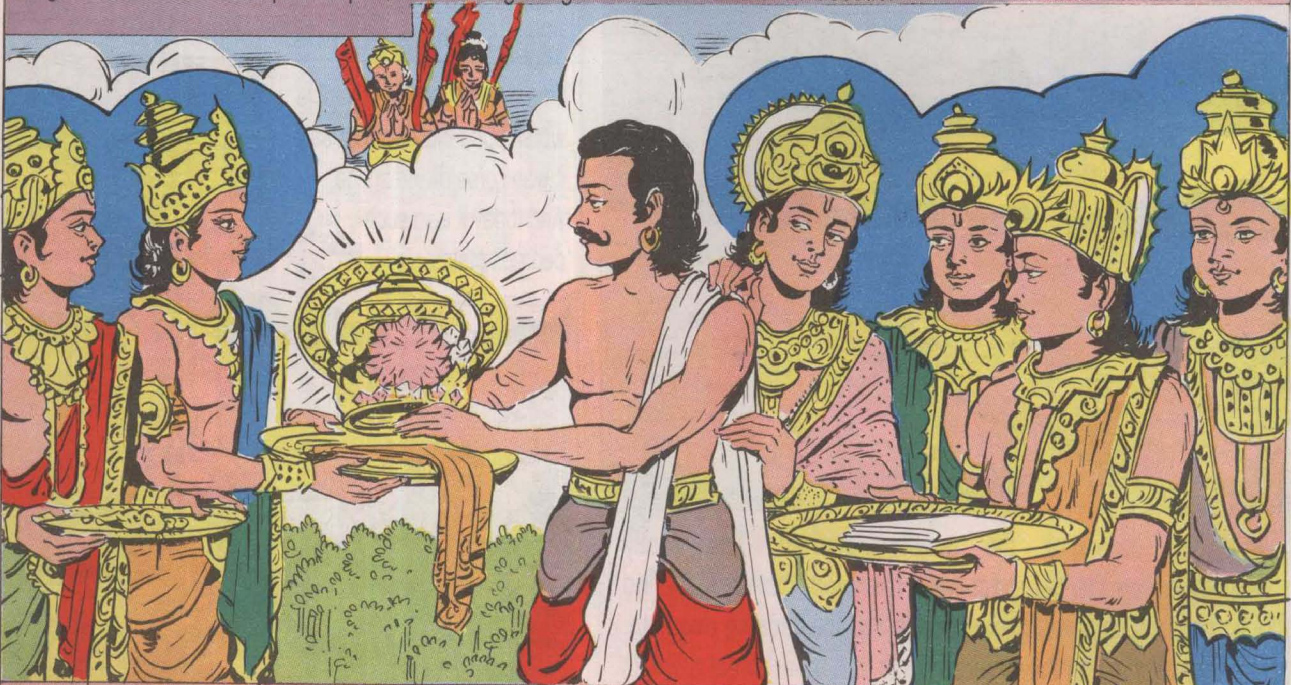


Dvimukh attained an inner awakening. He thought—

In the same way all the pleasures and enjoyments in this world end in despair and pain.



Not moving from the spot Dvimukh took off his regal attire including the divine crown and resolved to renounce his kingdom to commence spiritual practices. The gods gave him the attire of an ascetic.



King Dvimukh renounced the ephemeral mundane pleasures and commenced spiritual practices. He had become a Pratyek-buddha.

**THE END**





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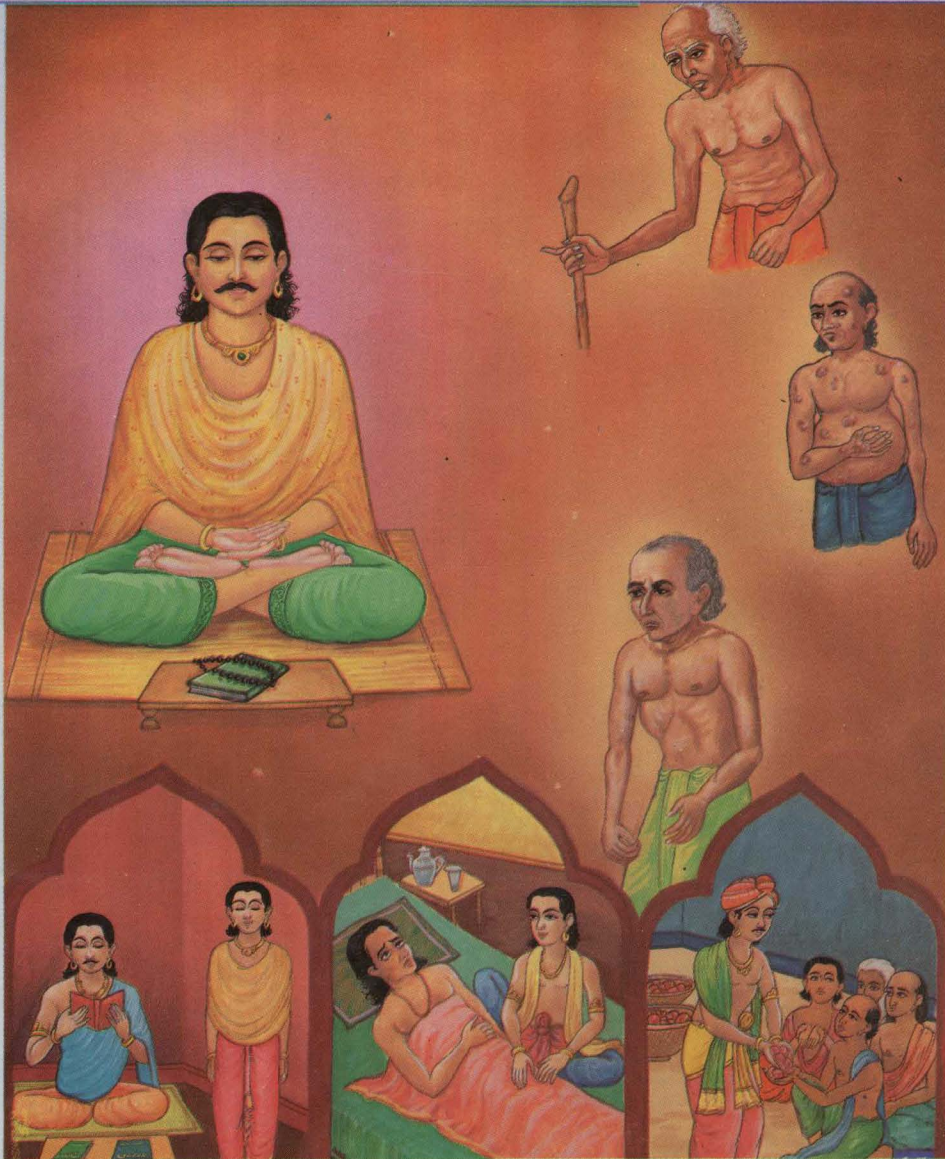
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***Dasavaikalika Sutra (Chapter 8, verse 35)***